

HALLOWEEN IV

screenplay by
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#11

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HALLOWEEN IV

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sterile white tile wall.
Blank. Featureless.
Long beat.
The wall EXPLODES.

BLINDING FLASH. DEAFENING ROAR as shattered tile, concrete, and flames come right at us in an angry firestorm.

A MAN rides the blast halfway down the corridor's length. Debris rains around him as he hits hard and rolls.

Through the blasted hole in the corridor wall we SEE a hospital operating room. And through the room, a doorway leading to an opposite hall.

Standing in that hall is ANOTHER MAN. This one is engulfed in flame. He takes two halting steps and falls. A pillar of fire rises from him. Mushrooms across the ceiling setting it ablaze.

The first man we saw turns a burn blackened face toward the distant second. The first man is DR. LOOMIS. His face pulled taut in a painfilled grimace. He watches the second man burn.

POLICE OFFICERS rush into the corridor. They pull down fire extinguishers and fog the burning hallway with CO2. A pair of officers bring nozzles to bear on the burning man.

Loomis fights agony and crawls back toward the flames. Toward the source of the blast and the body beyond. Officers move to him. Beat out flames along both legs. Dr. Loomis stretches a trembling hand toward the flame licked body that is half a hall and a room away. The body of Michael Myers.

LOOMIS
(painfilled, weak,
pleading)
Let It burn...
Let It burn...

His voice is a hollow echo in the flame shadowed dimness.
HOLD HIS FACE IN FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

CREDITS ROLL OVER

EXT. ILLINOIS COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

The striking crimson hues of Autumn burn from horizon to horizon. Aglow in a magic hour sunset.

A tranquil vista of country roads and fallen maple leaves raked in staggered piles. A fall breeze through fields of corn as industrial harvesters do their work. Crows perch on scarecrows shoulders. Dark clouds pregnant with storm boil and lower. Wind gusts.

Tall grass rustles in an aged cemetery. Tombstones askew in sunken earth. From birch trees hang paper witches riding brooms. Strong breeze sets them flapping.

Beyond a pumpkin patch, on a farmhouse porch a cardboard skeleton swings from a string like a hanged man. Beside him on the porch railing is the candlelit face of a Jack-o-lantern. WE PUSH IN CLOSE as all BUT the Jack-o-lantern FADES TO BLACK.

MAIN TITLE - HALLOWEEN IV

CREDITS ROLL TO END

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

A road in deluge. Rain washes across the asphalt in sheets. Highbeams approach rapidly.

Ten years later
October 30, 1988

A white and red medical transport bus careens through floodwaters. A muddy wave roils over the shoulder. Taillights vanish through rain curtains.

INT. BUS

The DRIVER smokes.
Behind him, FOUR SMITH'S GROVE MEDICAL STAFF.
All dozing.
The bus radio plays old Patty Page.

EXT. RIDGEMONT FEDERAL SANITARIUM - NIGHT

The bus rolls to a stop in front of high security gates.
Highbeams illuminate a steel bolted sign.

Ridgemont Federal Sanitarium
MAXIMUM SECURITY
Authorized Personnel Only
No Visitors
All vehicles subject to search

The gates retract. The bus drives through.

INT. RIDGEMONT FEDERAL SANITARIUM - NIGHT

A converted penitentiary built in the late 20s.
Fifty year old light fixtures hang above slow rotating
ceiling fans.

A SECURITY GUARD sits in a glass booth. Heavy set with
tobacco yellowed teeth and skin top crewcut. He stirs
cream into a coffee mug with his index finger.

A pair of Smith's Grove attendants approach with papers.
The guard looks up. Bored.

SECURITY GUARD
All metal objects into the tray on
your left.

The attendants comply.

SECURITY GUARD
(continuing)
Purpose of visit?

ATTENDANT #1
Patient pick up and transfer
to Smith's Grove.

The guard checks his roster. Sips coffee.

SECURITY GUARD
You're late.

ATTENDANT #1
You should be on the road.

SECURITY GUARD
Helluva night, huh?

ATTENDANT #1
Real charmer.

The guard buzzes them through a steel security door.

CORRIDORS

Shadows waltz on cold grey stone floors.
The guard leads the attendants past locked ward doors.
FACES behind tiny windows. Blank. Staring.

SECURITY GUARD

First time here?

ATTENDANT #2

Hope it's the last time...

SECURITY GUARD

You never get use to the faces.

Eyes pressed to glass track with the guard and attendants.
Hot breath steams the panes.

ATTENDANT #2

They're all criminally insane..?

SECURITY GUARD

They're here aren't they?

(gestures)

Over there we got a man use to pick
up hitchhikers, take their picture,
bath them, cut'em up, bake'em in a
stewpot...

The guard looks left.

SECURITY GUARD

(continuing)

Left side we got a woman does every-
thing in threes...buried three husbands,
and three children...next to her is an
obstetrician...he murdered every ninth
child he delivered, then stole their
bodies and kept them in a huge nursery
in his basement...We even have a ten
year old who had his family for Christ-
mas dinner...took the leftovers to
school and handed them out as sandwiches
to his friends...

A saneless WAIL issues from behind a locked door.
The attendants startle and stare into eyes so wide they
appear lidless. They are the eyes of a TEN YEAR OLD BOY.

ATTENDANT #1

Jesus...

SECURITY GUARD

Jesus got nothing to do with this
place.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

They reach a waiting elevator. Step in.

SECURITY GUARD

(continuing)

This is where society dumps its
worst nightmares...

The doors close and the indicator shows descent.

WARD E

The guard throws a wall mounted lockdown latch.
A steel cage door comes open with an agonized creak.
They enter.

Ward E is a dim chamber lined with vacant spring-framed
single beds. Old with rust. An ORDERLY swamps down the
floor with mop and steel bucket. Bops to headphones.

They reach a windowless steel door open on dimness.
Naked yellow bulb overhead. A forty-five year old MAN
steps from the doorway. DR. HOFFMAN.

CONTINUED

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HOFFMAN
Smith's Grove...?

ATTENDANT #1
Yes.

HOFFMAN
I'm Dr. Hoffman, medical administrator.

ATTENDANT #1
Has he been prepped?

HOFFMAN
Ready to go. All I have to do is
sign him out.

They enter the cell.

CELL

The SHAPE lies dormant on a gurney. Face bandage wrapped.
Body in grey gown and sheet covered to mid-torso. An IV
in each arm.

In the room's far corner, a hospital bed stands surrounded
by silent monitoring equipment. The bed holds a body imprint.

ATTENDANT #2
He's been coma for ten years...?

HOFFMAN
That's right. With bullet wounds and
severe burns, it still amazes me that
he's alive.

ATTENDANT #1
A lot of people wish he wasn't.

HOFFMAN
They're not alone. But for all intents
and purposes, he might as well be.

The second attendant moves to the body. Checks IVs.
Hoffman and the first attendant move back into the ward.
The second man is left alone.

WARD E

Hoffman looks over the transfer documents. Takes out a
pen to sign them.

CONTINUED

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ATTENDANT #1
I'd assumed Dr. Loomis would be here.
Michael Myers is still his patient.

HOFFMAN
(bristles)
This is a legal mandate. Any patient
stable for a continuous ten year period
must be remanded to State psychiatric
authority. This isn't medical, hence,
it doesn't concern Dr. Loomis.

CELL

The second attendant takes pulse and pressure.
The Shape remains motionless. Breathing slow and steady.

WARD E

Hoffman returns the signed documents.

ATTENDANT #1
It's just procedure to inform the
case doctor.

HOFFMAN
If Loomis read memos he'd be here.
Fortunately, his position is more
ceremonial than medical. And with
Myers gone, my hope is that he'll
either transfer, retire, or die.

CELL

The attendant leans close to the Shape. Eyes the facial
wrappings for a long beat. Satisfied, he steps around with
his back to the comatose figure.

ATTENDANT #2
(calls to ward)
All right, let's move him.

A naked hand slips from beneath the gurney sheet.
The attendant turns at the sound of rustling. Tense.
The hand dangles. Limp. Scarred with runnelled flesh.

EXT. BUS

The gurney's wheels are snapped up and locked. Two
attendants lift it into the back of the bus through the
rear door.

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ATTENDANT #3
Eight hours back. I hope it
doesn't rain the whole way.

ATTENDANT #4
In a hurry..?

ATTENDANT #3
Just hate these night runs.
I feel like a grave robber.

ATTENDANT #4
Oh please...

They shut and secure the rear door. Everyone reboards
as the bus engine grumbles. The side door hisses shut.
The bus pulls away into the storm. Lightning FLASHES.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

The flash fades as a black labrador pads down an upstairs
hall. Passes a master bedroom where HUSBAND and WIFE sleep
soundly. Down the staircase and into the living room.

The dog jumps onto the couch beside an angelic six year old
girl in Sesame Street footsie pajamas. Her face is untainted
innocence. Pristine. Her name is BRITTAN LLOYD. But everyone
just calls her Britti.

Britti gazes through parted front window curtains and into
night. She pets the dog, SUNDAY, absentmindedly.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

Rain sweeps the neighborhood street. Homes on the opposing
side are dark. The sidewalks desolate.

BACK TO SCENE

Sunday licks Britti's face. Licks away silent, troubled
tears. Britti wipes her cheeks and sniffs.

A seventeen year old girl, RACHEL, crosses the living room
yawning. She plops down beside Britti and leans close.

RACHEL
Hey, kiddo...
It's four in the morning.

Rachel is modestly attractive. Clean scrubbed midwest
good looks. Intelligent eyes and gentle, compassionate
face.

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BRITTI
I can't sleep...

RACHEL
What is this, four nights in a row.
You going for a record here. Six
year old insominacs hall of fame..?

BRITTI
Do you love me, Rachel?

RACHEL
Oh, serious questions tonight.
Of course I love you.

BRITTI
Like a sister..?

RACHEL
Britti --

BRITTI
Like a real sister..?

RACHEL
(careful)
We're not really sisters, Britti.
But that doesn't mean I love you
any less.

Britti turns back to the window.

BRITTI
Sure it does.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

The Smith's Grove bus is parked across the street.
No lights and no sign of movement. Its rear door stands
open.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel turns Britti around to face her.

RACHEL
I know you miss your parents.
It hasn't been that long.

BRITTI
It's been eleven months...

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Rachel places an arm around Britt's shoulder. Sunday rests his head in the little girl's lap.

RACHEL

Your mom use to babysit me when I was your age. I bet you didn't know that.

BRITTI

You're lucky...
I wish she could do the same for me.

RACHEL

(hugs Britt close)
Come on, kiddo..., back to bed.

BRITTI'S BEDROOM

Rachel kisses Britt on the cheek at the room's threshold. Sunday licks Britt's palm.

RACHEL

Sleep tight, sweetie.
French toast for breakfast.
Your absolute fav...Night-night.

Rachel pulls the door closed. Britt stands alone in shadows for a beat. The room's only window is wide open. Wind blows the curtains as rain soaks the pane and carpet. Britt moves to the window and draws it shut.

The room is all little girl decor. Dolls on shelves. Stuffed animals in rocking chairs. Sesame Street character wall hangings.

Britt passes the vanity. Lightning FLASHES. The Shape's motionless form reflects in the glass. Darkness returns. The Shape lost in shadows.

Britt opens the closet and takes out a small shoe box. Inside are old cards and photographs. memories.

A high school photo of her mother. Laurie Strode. On the back in faded pencil: 'Mom at seventeen'. A birthday card from four years ago. 'With Love for our little girl'. A picture of Britt, age four, riding her father's shoulders at Great America amusement park. Memories...

Rain beats against the pane. More lightning. The Shape stands above Britt in the closet's darkness. Britt doesn't notice. Night consumes him once more.

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Britti puts away the box and moves to her four poster bed. Her back to the open closet. Britti kneels beside the bed and bows her head in prayer.

BRITTI

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul will take.
God bless, Mr. and Mrs. Caruthers,
God bless, Rachel, God bless, Sunday,
God bless me, and God bless Mommy and
Daddy in heaven...
Amen.

Britti rises. Something shifts in the closet. The little girl turns and looks at the shadows for a beat. No other sound. Long beat. The dark closet.

Britti walks to the door and leans inside the darkness. She finds a fallen rag doll and places it back on its shelf. She closes the door and walks back to bed. Beat.

The closet door creaks ajar. Yawning blackness. Britti stands beside her bed and stares at the door. Outside, it rains harder. Wind blows maple tree branches against the window glass.

The closet door stands partially open. Beckoning. Britti sighs and takes the first step back toward the door.

The Shape's wide hand SHOOTS out from beneath the bed. Wraps around Britti's ankle and pulls her down. Britti SCREAMS.

Labored BREATHING issues from the darkness below the bedframe. Britti's captured leg slowly disappears underneath the boxspring. She kicks and struggles. A second hand works frantically to grab her other leg.

Britti strains and kicks. Struggles with all her youthful energy. One final kick breaks her loose. She rolls clear of the bed and scrambles to her feet.

The Shape rises on the bed's farside. Butcher knife in hand. Body in silhouette against the window. Britti screams.

BRITTI

(terrified)

Please, Uncle Micheal...

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The Shape cocks his head left, then right. A beat.
The dim figure advances toward Britti. Knife raised.

Britti runs to the bedroom door, grabs the knob and yanks it open. A second Shape stands on the threshold with knife cocked and ready. Britti screams as the knife sweeps down.

UPSTAIRS HALL

RICHARD and DARLENE CARUTHERS race pell mell from their bedroom. Drawn by Britti's screams. Sunday scratches and whimpers at the little girl's closed bedroom door.

BRITTI'S BEDROOM

The adults rush inside and throw on the overhead light. Britti's bed is empty. The screams come from the closet. Richard opens the door.

Britti is huddled in a corner with the shoe box of memories held hard against her chest. Eyes shut tight. Tearing.

DARLENE

Dear God --
 (grabs Britti,
 hugs her close)
It's all right sweetheart.
A bad dream, that's all, just
a nasty old dream. I've got you.
You're safe. See? Just let it go,
honey. Put it out of your mind...

The shoe box falls scattering its contents. A yellowed black and white photograph lands face up. It is a picture of a six year old boy in a clown costume standing beside his older sister on Halloween. Michael and Judith Myers. 1963. Their house at dusk in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. RIDGEMONT FEDERAL SANITARIUM - DAY

The booming echo of footsteps down the dreary corridors. A man's silhouette passes staff office doors. The dull tap of a cane accompanies every other footfall.

Ridgemont STAFFERS step out of this man's path. Others watch from doorways. Their faces filled with fear, curiosity, and grudging respect for the shadowman.

ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE

Hoffman sits behind his desk. Goes over payroll reports. His office door BURST open and SLAMS against file cabinets.

A battle scarred, age worn, but still imposing DR. LOOMIS steps across the threshold and slams the door shut behind him. Moves to Hoffman's desk and lean across. Angry.

LOOMIS

Why wasn't I notified?

HOFFMAN

About what -- ?

LOOMIS

You know damn well about what.
You let them take It out of here.

The right side of Loomis' face is a runnelled burn scar. Minor attempts at plastic surgery has repaired most of the damage. But not all.

HOFFMAN

Michael Myers was a federal patient,
and a federal prisoner. Therefore he
is subject to federal law.

LOOMIS

We're not talking about just another
prisoner, Hoffman. We're talking about
Evil on two legs.

HOFFMAN

For chrissake, spare me your doomsayer
speech. I've listened to it for a decade.
The fact is that your evil monster has been
in a nonreversible coma for ten years and
in that coma he will stay until his heart
and brain say stop.

Loomis backs off a tick.

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LOOMIS
He's been waiting...

HOFFMAN
I've said it before, I think you're the one that needs mental help. You're obsessed with this thing. The staff tells me you stand for hours just looking at him. Tell me objectively, Loomis. Is this normal professional medical behavior..?

LOOMIS
Do you know what today is..?
Do you know the date..?

HOFFMAN
I can see this is useless.

LOOMIS
Where was he taken?

HOFFMAN
Smith's Grove. He's probably there by now --

LOOMIS
Call.

HOFFMAN
What..?

Loomis comes in close again.

LOOMIS
Call Smith's Grove. Set my mind at ease. Fuel your sarcasm. I hope to God I'm wrong about what I feel. Call!

Hoffman picks up the phone and dials long distance.
Both men wait.

HOFFMAN
(into receiver)
Yes, this is Dr. Hoffman at Ridgemont. We had a patient transferred there last night, Michael Myers...
That's right...

Loomis watches Hoffman's face go solemn.

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HOFFMAN
(continuing)
I see...
All right, thank you.

Hoffman hangs up. Says nothing for a beat. He won't look at Loomis. Won't meet the steady blinkless gaze.

HOFFMAN
(finally, continuing)
They're two hours overdue.
But they don't feel that it's
a cause for concern --

Loomis is no longer listening. He opens the office door and exits without a word or look back.

HOFFMAN
(continuing)
Loomis..?
Loomis..!

EXT. RIDGEMONT STAFF PARKING - DAY

A clean autumn morning. Pavement still puddled from the night rains.

Loomis opens the driver side door on one of the sky blue 'official use' Federal sedans. U.S. Government insignia on the doors.

Hoffman approaches quickly from the side entrance. Out of breath.

HOFFMAN
Where do you think you're going?

LOOMIS
To find it. Even after ten years,
you still have no idea what you've
set loose.

Hoffman opens the car's side door.

LOOMIS
(continuing)
What are you doing?

HOFFMAN
I'm going with you. If you're wrong,
I'll keep you from panicking the State
Police.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LOOMIS
And if I'm right..?

HOFFMAN
You won't be.

They both get into the car and drive off toward main gates.
They part on approach. The car winds down the drive.

EXT. ILLINOIS INTERSTATE - DAY

Four State Highway Patrol cars are parked on the shoulder.
A TROOPER lays down flares in the breakdown lane.
There's no traffic. Lonely morning wind.

Beyond the shoulder, a muddy embankment slopes down into
a deep ravine of marshy undergrowth. SIX TROOPERS work
their way down the slope toward the scene of an accident.

The Smith's Grove medical transport bus rests on its roof
at the bottom of the ravine. Ground fog whirls and eddies.
Shattered bits of glass and metal all over.

TROOPER #1
What a mess. Swing around the
backside.

The troopers walk slow through sucking mud and swamp runoff.
They reach the bus. A young trooper goes around to the rear
quarter. The back door is twisted open. Darkness within.

The trooper moves close to the opening. Peers into the
bus interior. His eyes widen.

Another trooper comes around to the rear of the bus in time
to see the rookie doubled up in the weeds retching out of view.
The second trooper checks the bus interior.

TROOPER #2
Looks like those traffic films we
show to Driver's Ed classes.

The trooper uses a flashlight to get a better look.
The other troopers circle through the weeds.

INT. LOOMIS' SEDAN

Loomis slows and pulls to the shoulder behind the patrol
vehicles. Parks. He and Hoffman both climb out.

EXT. INTERSTATE SHOULDER

Loomis and Hoffman gaze down at the overturned bus.
A trooper approaches.

LOOMIS
(to Hoffman)
Is that it..?

HOFFMAN
Yes.
(to trooper)
Do you know when this happened..?

TROOPER #3
Sometime during the night.
They probably lost the road in the
storm. Went off the embankment.
It happens.

HOFFMAN
An accident.

LOOMIS
You really believe that..?

HOFFMAN
Why shouldn't I..?

LOOMIS
How many staff on the bus?

HOFFMAN
Five.

LOOMIS
(to trooper)
How many bodies have you found?

TROOPER #3
It's hard to tell. They're all
pretty chewed up.

Loomis starts down the embankment.

HOFFMAN
Loomis. It's over. Leave it
alone.

Hoffman throws up his hands in frustration.
The trooper just shakes his head.

EXT. OVERTURNED BUS

Loomis approaches and looks inside. Carefully. Overlooks nothing. Hoffman comes down the embankment and joins him.

LOOMIS

He's not here. He's gone.
Damn it. He's gone...

Another trooper steps over.

HOFFMAN

Have you found any other bodies?

TROOPER #4

Not yet. There's a lot of ground
to cover.

LOOMIS

You won't find him. He did this.
Now he's escaped.

HOFFMAN

You don't know that. Michael could
have been thrown from the bus.

TROOPER #4

I've seen bodies thrown fifty, sixty
feet from a crash site.

HOFFMAN

And even if by some miracle, Michael
is conscious, his muscles will be useless.
The man's been ten years flat on his back.
Immobile. Give the troopers time to search.

Loomis starts back up the embankment.

HOFFMAN

(continuing)

On top of all that, Michael Myers is
blind from bullet fragments, remember..?
He's helpless conscious or unconscious.

LOOMIS

You're talking about him like he's a
human being. That part of him died
years ago.

Loomis continues climbing.

HOFFMAN

Now where are you going..?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LOOMIS

To Haddonfield. It's a four hour drive. You can reach me there through the local police. Four hours should be long enough for you to find him if he's here. If you don't.., then I'm sure I will...

Loomis reaches the top of the embankment. Hoffman watches him disappear. Turns back to the trooper.

TROOPER #4

Who is that guy..?

HOFFMAN

I'll tell you over the next four hours. Where do we look first..?

The other troopers have already begun to fan out.

EXT. HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS - DAY

Haddonfield - October 31, 1988
Halloween

A beautiful morning in the tranquil community. All quiet. A PAPER BOY rides the sidewalks hurling morning editions with long practiced ease.

INT. CARUTHERS' HOUSEHOLD - DAY

In the kitchen, Richard pours himself a cup of coffee. Has on a white button down and silk tie. The tip of his tie floats in the coffee cup. He notices.

RICHARD

Damn it...
Darlene --

Darlene passes Richard on her way to the ringing wall phone.

DARLENE

There's a clean one in the laundry room next to your blue slacks.
(picks up the phone)
Hello?

Richard vanishes into the laundry room. Rachel enters the kitchen and yanks open the refrigerator. Grabs the milk carton and a bagel.

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RICHARD

(from laundry room)

Darlene, this tie has a spot on it. I can't wear this today, I have a ten thirty with Chuck.

DARLENE

Hang on, Mrs. Pierce.

(shouts)

Not that tie. On the other side.

(to Rachel)

That's not all you're eating young lady.

RICHARD

Oh..., found it.

RACHEL

Mom, I'm on a diet. You want an oinker for a daughter.

DARLENE

(back to phone)

Sorry..., do you think Susan could just bring her crutches...?

Stupid question. Tell her I hope she feels better.

Rachel pops the bagel in the microwave. Richard reenters working a windsor knot into the second tie. Darlene hangs up.

DARLENE

(continuing)

Susan's mother. She can't babysit tonight.

RICHARD

Why not...?

DARLENE

Susan broke her ankle last night at the ice rink.

Rachel overhears and starts a casual exit.

DARLENE

(continuing)

Rachel --

RACHEL

Mom, please --

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CONTINUED - 2

DARLENE

You'll have to watch Britti tonight.

RACHEL

(protests)

I can't do it. Not tonight. You know I have this date with Brady. You know how important it is.

DARLENE

Well tonight is very important to your father and me. This dinner party could set your father up for a much deserved promotion. You wouldn't want your date to mess that up, now would you..?

RACHEL

Can't you find somebody else..?

DARLENE

It's too late.

Rachel sighs.

RACHEL

What am I suppose to tell Brady. Sorry, I've got to babysit my foster-sister, go have fun by yourself..?

DARLENE

It's not the end of the world for goodness sake.

RACHEL

Sure it is. I think tonight, Brady was ready to make a commitment. Now, my future relationship, engagement, marriage, children, and your grandchildren, have all been wiped out because I have to babysit.
Oh joy...

Rachel turns to leave. Stops.
Britti stands in the kitchen doorway with Sunday.
Their eyes meet. Britti looks terribly apologetic.

BRITTI

I'm sorry I ruined everything...
If I wasn't here you could go out.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3

Britti turns and walks away. Rachel feels like a heel.
Her parents offer disapproving stares.

RICHARD

Good job, Rachel. That little girl
needs all the love we can give her.
And all you can think about is your-
self.

Rachel exits the kitchen.

BRITTI'S BEDROOM

Britti sits on the edge of her bed dressing a pink marsh-
mallow doll. Rachel enters the room. Silence for a beat.

RACHEL

I'm sorry, Britti. I didn't mean
it like that. I can go out with
Brady tomorrow night. No biggie.

BRITTI

But you wanted to go out tonight.
It's my fault you can't.

RACHEL

Well tonight, we're going to do
something better. We're going to
go trick-or-treating.

BRITTI

I don't want to.

RACHEL

It's Halloween. Don't you want to get
all dressed up in a really scary costume
and get candy --

BRITTI

(adamant)

I don't want to.

RACHEL

Okay...
How about I pick you up from school
this afternoon and we go for ice cream.

Britti smiles.

BRITTI

Double scoops..?

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CONTINUED

RACHEL
(smiles back)
Double scoops.

Britti gives Rachel a hug. Rachel hugs her back.
Sunday wags his tail and jumps up on the bed.

RACHEL
(continuing)
Come on, kiddo. Let's get some
breakfast.

EXT. FILLING STATION/DINER - DAY

A roadside gas station and cafe a mile off the interstate.
Dusty and weather worn. Loomis pulls the sedan up to the
unleaded fuel pumps. His dust wake rides the wind.

Loomis climbs out of the car. Stretches. Looks around.
Not much to see. A tow truck is parked at the edge of the
lot. The mechanic's garage is open. No movement anywhere.

LOOMIS
(calls)
Hello..?

No response. No sign of life.
Loomis moves to the pumps and fills the tank.

INT./EXT. MECHANIC'S GARAGE - ANGLE P.O.V.

Watching Loomis across the lot from shadows. Looking
past the hood of a racked Ford. Wind rustles block and
tackle chains.

EXT. FILLING STATION/DINER

Loomis rehooks the fuel nozzle to its pump housing.
Looks around for someone to pay. He starts toward the
shadowed garage.

INT./EXT. GARAGE

Loomis comes to the garage entrance and peers in.
Starts to speak, then freezes. Stares.

LOOMIS' P.O.V.

Legs dangle above among the block and tackle chains.
The mechanic's corpse rotates slowly clockwise. Wood-
beams creak from the weight.

EXT. FUEL PUMPS

All the fuel nozzles lie in the dust. All locked open and pumping crooked rivers of octane.

INT. DINER

The door chimes as Loomis enters in panic. Breath coming in gasps. The diner is deserted. A long line of empty tables and booths. Old Hank Williams comes tinny from a radio behind the counter.

LOOMIS

Is anyone here..?

Loomis steps behind the counter. Stops cold. Stands witness to the waitress. Strangled. Eyes open. Loomis stumbles back in front of the cash register. His hand brushes the switches. The machine rings up.

LOOMIS

(continuing)

God in heaven...

Loomis draws a gun from his coat pocket. A nickle plated 9mm Smith and Wesson. He looks around for a telephone. Finds one under the counter. The receiver has been crushed.

Over Loomis' shoulder, at the diner's far end in shadow, we see the Shape. Motionless. Loomis stands with his back turned for a long beat. Pensive. Finally he turns.

LOOMIS' P.O.V.

The empty diner. A sign indicates restrooms and public phones. A door stands open at the diner's far end.

BACK TO SCENE

Loomis crosses the diner to the open door and enters a back hall. Two pay phones wall mounted. Both with receivers torn away. Loomis sighs. Pushes through the men's room door.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Four closed stall doors. Opposite the stalls are sinks and mirrors. Loomis moves to the sinks. Runs water in one, cups his hands and dabs his face and lips. Back to the stall doors.

Loomis wipes his face with a paper towel. Pockets his gun and exits.

INT. DINER

Loomis reenters the main room and stops. Scrambles for his gun.

LOOMIS' P.O.V.

The Shape stands behind the counter at the diner's other end. The same spot where Loomis stood. Hospital gown now gone, the Shape has on mechanic's coveralls. His face is shadowed.

BACK TO SCENE

Loomis holds the gun level. His hands tremble badly. Both stand motionless for a long beat.

LOOMIS
(finally)
Why now..?

The Shape stands still.

LOOMIS
(continuing)
You've waited ten years.
I told them to let you burn.
I knew this day would come...

Breathing from the Shape. Nothing else.

LOOMIS
(continuing)
Don't go to Haddonfield.
(lowers the gun)
If you want another victim,
take me, but leave those people
in peace.

Silence.

LOOMIS
(continuing)
God damn you Michael...

Loomis raises the pistol and fires THREE RAPID SHOTS. Booming thunder in the diner's hollow. The windows shake. The Shape bucks and falls from view behind the counter.

Loomis waits for movement. Nothing. He waits. Still nothing. He lowers the gun and moves quickly toward the counter. Cautiously leans over.

LOOMIS' P.O.V.

The Shape is gone. Only the body of the waitress. Further down behind the counter is an open doorway leading into the diner's kitchen.

BACK ON LOOMIS

as he hears the sound of an engine in the filling station's dirt lot. A truck. The engine REVS. Loomis rushes to the diner's window.

BACK TO P.O.V.

The filling station's tow truck moves lazily across the lot. Stops part way to the interstate access road.

INT./EXT. TOW TRUCK - ANGLE P.O.V.

Looking at Loomis in the diner's window. The sound of a wooden match being struck.

EXT. TOW TRUCK

The Shape's hand draws out and drops the match toward a pool of gasoline.

INT. DINER

Loomis sees this and panicks. Turns quickly searching for an exit.

EXT. FILLING STATION/DINER

The tow truck slews out of the lot just as it swamps with flame. A beat. The pumps EXPLODE. Flames geyser from ruptured housings. A moment later Loomis' sedan EXPLODES and rolls away end over end. The underground tanks EXPLODE.

INT. DINER

All the windows BLOW IN. A firestorm rides through engulfing the walls and floor. Deafening flame roar.

EXT. FILLING STATION/DINER

Concussive explosions shatter the diner building and the mechanic's garage. The lot becomes a sea of windswept flame. A mushroom cloud of black smoke rises.

EXT. BACK LOT

Loomis lies face down a hundred feet from the devastation. Debris rains down around him. Burning meteors of wood.

LOOMIS

looks back toward the flames. Sweat pours from his face. Breath comes in gasps. His face is pasty white with fear. Body suddenly racked with shivers. He shuts his eyes.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Loomis lies in flames as police try to put out the fire along both his legs. He screams in pain as he burns. The sound is a distant hollow echo.

CUT BACK TO:

LOOMIS

opens his eyes and fights the memories. Tries to hold on. Finally finds the strength to push back to his feet and stagger clear of the blast site.

Yards away, a telephone line junction pole burns. Its base shattered by the explosion. After a beat, the entire pole topples. All the phone lines rip loose and dangle.

INT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY - DAY

A bell RINGS. Grade school CHILDREN rush from classrooms flooding the hallways. All of them dressed in various colorful Halloween costumes. Lots of talk and laughing.

Britti walks down the hall alone, conspicuous without a costume, she heads for the closest exit. A little boy age seven, KYLE, nudges his friends to follow.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Britti crosses the playground. Kyle and his friends catch up with her.

KYLE

(taunting)

Hey, Britti...where's your costume?

BOY #1

Where's your mask..?
Or are you wearing it.

BRITTI

I don't need to wear a stupid costume --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KYLE

That's because everyday is Halloween
at Britti's house. Right Britti?
Cause your uncle's the 'Boogeyman'.
Right Britti? Right Britti?
Your uncle's the 'Boogeyman'!

The kids surround Britti.

ALL CHANT

(in unison)

Boogeyman -- Boogeyman -- !
Britti's uncle's the Boogeyman.

GIRL #1

How come your mommy didn't make you
a costume Britti..?

BOY #1

How could she..? Her mommy's dead!

The boy shakes a rubber skeleton in Britti's face.
Everyone laughs.

KYLE

Britti's mommy's a mummy!

More laughter.

BRITTI

Stop it -- Stop it --

Britti shoves through the crowd.

ALL CHANT

Britti's an orphan -- Britti's an
orphan.

GIRL #1

Go live with your Boogeyman uncle,
Britti... When you grow up you can
be just like him! ;

Britti runs from the playground crying.

BRITTI

(pleads)

Stop it...
Please stop it...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

Britti crosses to the sidewalk and leans against a maple
tree. She composes herself.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITTI
(sotto voce)
You're okay...
You're okay...

She sniffs and starts walking. It doesn't matter where. Just putting distance between herself and her tormentors. She gives the playground a backward glance. Keeps walking.

In the distance, we see the filling station tow truck round a corner and approach.

INT. TOW TRUCK - SHAPE'S P.O.V.

Through the windshield we see Britti up ahead. The little girl walks toward a corner. Head down.

EXT. STREET

Britti walks slowly. Kicks stones. Picks up an interesting leaf. Doesn't notice the tow truck gaining from behind her. The growing sound of its grumbling engine.

INT. TOW TRUCK - SHAPE'S P.O.V.

Through the driver side window as the truck comes up along side Britti. Paces her for several beats. The little girl starts to look up.

EXT. STREET

The tow truck moves on slowly. Britti keeps walking. The truck comes to the next corner, turns and parks. Engine left idling. Waiting.

Britti walks toward the corner. She pays little attention to the truck poised there.

INT. TOW TRUCK - SHAPE'S P.O.V.

Britti approaches down the sidewalk. Closer and closer to the idling truck. We hear the Shape's steady breathing.

EXT. STREET

As Britti nears the corner a car pulls to the curb beside her. The driver side window rolls down.

RACHEL
Britti...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Rachel leans over a GIRLFRIEND and waves. Britti stops and comes to the car. Rachel gets out on the passenger side.

INT. TOW TRUCK - SHAPE'S P.O.V.

Watching as Rachel comes around the Volkswagen Cabriolet, takes Britti by the hand and leads her back to the passenger side and in.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN

Britti sits between the two teenagers. The girl driving pulls away from the curb and passes the tow truck without a glance.

RACHEL
You remember Lindsey don't you?

LINDSEY
Hi, Brittan. Can I call you
Britti like everybody else..?

BRITTI
Sure.

RACHEL
Where were you going? I thought we
had a date for ice cream, kiddo.

Through the rear window we can see the tow truck fall in behind the car. Several lengths back at matching speed.

BRITTI
I want to get a costume and go
trick or treating like the other kids.

Rachel looks surprised.

RACHEL
But I thought you didn't want to
go trick or treating..?

BRITTI
Can't a kid change her mind?

Lindsey chuckles.

RACHEL
I guess she can if she's as cute
and ticklish as you are.

Rachel tickles Britti under both arms. Britti squeals and squirms.

INT. TOW TRUCK - SHAPE'S P.O.V.

Behind the Cabriolet as it turns a corner onto a small winding avenue. An umbrella of maples overhead.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN

Everybody calms down.

LINDSEY

You know, Rach., the Discount Mart's having a sale on Halloween costumes.

Lindsey gives Rachel a mischievous smirk.

RACHEL

Brady's working there today till six o'clock.

LINDSEY

I know. Don't you want to talk to him..?

RACHEL

I don't want to look pushy.

LINDSEY

You won't look pushy.

RACHEL

I don't want to come on too strong. Guys hate a girl that comes on too strong. Fragile egos and all that.

LINDSEY

You won't come on too strong.

RACHEL

I don't want to seem desperate or anything...

LINDSEY

Face it, Rach., you are desperate.

Rachel gives Lindsey a sideways glance.

LINDSEY

(continuing)

No seriously, you're just going in to buy a costume for Britti...
Perfectly legit.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RACHEL
I don't know...

The tow truck suddenly rushes by the Cabriolet and nearly cuts them off. Lindsey brakes hard to avoid a collision.

LINDSEY
(angry)
Stupid jerk!

Lindsey lays on the HORN. The tow truck hits its brakes. Makes a sharp U-turn and faces the Volkswagen head on from the end of the block. Motionless. Highbeams burning.

RACHEL
Great, Lindsey..., I think you
pissed him off.

Lindsey stops the car. Stares at the tow truck. Long beat. Nobody moves. The tow truck and the Cabriolet idle face to face a half block apart.

Finally the tow truck U-turns again and drives off. Makes a left at the next corner.

LINDSEY
Too weird...
(beat)
So, do I drop you at the Discount
Mart, or the Dairy Queen?

RACHEL
Britti...?

BRITTI
The Discount Mart.
(beat)
Can we get ice cream after...?

RACHEL
You bet, kiddo.

Lindsey puts the car in gear.

EXT. STREET

The Volkswagen drives to the next corner and turns right. We see the tow truck parked at an intersection a block away. Idling.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

Loomis walks the breakdown lane with his thumb out.
A stationwagon roars past without slowing. Loomis walks on.

A road sign indicates: Eaton, Ill. 59mi. Haddonfield, Ill. 119mi.

Loomis passes the road sign as a LeBaron convertible veers over to the shoulder fifty feet ahead. TEENAGERS within. They wait. Wave Loomis toward them.

LOOMIS

(calls)

Thank you...

Thank you for stopping...

Loomis half trots toward the convertible. Just as he draws close enough to touch the car, its rear wheels spin up a roostertail of dust.

The teenagers all get a hearty laugh. Loomis stands in their dust wake. Angrily beats dirt off his clothes. When he looks up again, a beat up thirty year old pick up stands waiting.

JACK SAYER

(shouts)

Get it in gear old man, I ain't got
till Judgement Day.

Loomis approaches.

INT. PICK UP

JACK SAYER is a wire of a man in his late sixties. Wheat textured tufts of whiskers and scalp hair. A fifth of corn whiskey in each hand and a preacher's collar around his neck.

Loomis comes to the passenger side door and climbs in. Notes a crucifix hanging from the rearview mirror and a Gideon bible on the dash.

LOOMIS

Thank you for stopping.

JACK SAYER

Anything for a fellow pilgrim.
We're all on a quest. Sometimes
we need help getting where we got
to be... Milk Dud...?

LOOMIS

Excuse me...?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Jack Sayer puts the pick up in grinding first and pulls out onto the interstate. He takes a hard pull from the fifth in his right hand and starts feeling under the seat.

JACK SAYER
I know I got some left.
Ah, here they be...

Pulls out a crumpled box of Milk Duds. Offers them to Loomis. Loomis gives the box an allergic look.

JACK SAYER
(continuing)
They're still good. Got'em in a movie house back Syler way ten days ago. These things keep forever.

LOOMIS
No thank you.

Jack Sayer tosses the box out the driver side window and takes a hard pull from the fifth in his left hand. Sneezes on the back of his right hand, wipes his nose clean, then turns and offers his hand for shaking.

JACK SAYER
Reverend Jackson P. Sayer of
Dumont County. Pleased to make
you acquaintance --

LOOMIS
How far are you going, Mr. Sayer?

JACK SAYER
God's country. Promiseland.
Hell, I got a full tank of ethel.
Where you headed mister -- ?

LOOMIS
Loomis...
Haddonfield.

JACK SAYER
Car trouble..?

LOOMIS
Of a sort.

JACK SAYER
You're huntin' him ain'tcha..?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

Loomis gives Jack Sayer a startled look. The preacher offers a half drunk knowing smile.

JACK SAYER

(continuing)

Yeah you're huntin' him alright.
Just like me.

LOOMIS

Who are you hunting, Mr. Sayer?

JACK SAYER

Apocalypse. End of the World.
Armageddon. They all got a face
and a name...

(takes a drink)

Been huntin' the bastard for thirty
years give or take. Come close a
time or two. Too damn close...

Loomis looks at Jack Sayer for a time. Jack Sayer looks back. For a second the old man is sober as a judge.

JACK SAYER

(continuing)

Can't kill damnation, mister.
It don't die like a man dies.

LOOMIS

I know...

JACK SAYER

You're a pilgrim. I seen it in your
face back there in the dust. I seen
it clear as breasts and blue suede
shoes... Drink?

Jack Sayer offers one of his fifths. He turns on the pick up's AM radio to an all gospel station and begins singing along at the top of his lungs.

EXT. INTERSTATE

The pick up slides down the highway's deserted length. Gospel music and Jack Sayer's off key vocal both fade in the distance.

INT. HOFFMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Hoffman dials his desk phone for the hundred and first time. Waits. Face full of frustration. He gets a recording.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RECORDED VOICE
(from receiver)
We're sorry, your call did not
go through --

Hoffman slams the receiver into its cradle. A beat.
He dials the operator.

HOFFMAN
(tense)
Yes Operator, I've been trying
to reach the police in Haddonfield
for half an hour now --

OPERATOR'S VOICE
(from receiver)
I'm sorry, we're experiencing technical
problems along our long distance lines --

HOFFMAN
(adamant)
This is an emergency --

OPERATOR'S VOICE
I suggest you try your call again
in an hour --

Hoffman hangs up. Shoves the phone from his desk.

HOFFMAN
(frustrated)
Damn you, Loomis. Why did you
have to be right.

INT. DISCOUNT MART - DAY

KELLEY is an eighteen year old sales girl with a body
most men would kill for. Voluptuous. Erotic. Firm and
round in all the right places. Sex in three dimensions.

BRADY stands behind the service counter. He's seventeen,
with honest good looks and an athletic build. He wears a
sales clerk smock over his street clothes.

A pair of Brady's high school FRIENDS loiter at the counter
and admire Kelley. She stocks battery racks two aisles
over. Their ache for her is almost painful to watch.

BRADY
Make your move, Wade.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WADE

Don't rush me, Brady.
The timing's got to be primo.

Brady and TOMMY shake their heads.

WADE

(continuing)

I don't see you asking her out.
You got the best chance.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

moving past aisles watching the teenagers at the service
counter. Listening. We hear the Shape's steady breathing.

BRADY

You're the jock.

TOMMY

Jock itch, maybe.

WADE

Shut up, assface.

TOMMY

You don't have the guts God gave
a cockroach and you know it.

WADE

Don't bet on it, ole son.

BRADY

Money talks, Wade.
Bullshit walks...

BACK TO SCENE

Tommy digs a sawbuck from his jeans. Slams it on the
service counter.

TOMMY

Double or nothing yod' won't ask
Kelley out.

BRADY

Don't forget, she's Sheriff Meeker's
daughter. Remember Reed Collins..?

TOMMY

Meeker made Reed wear his balls for a
bowtie.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Wade digs out an equal number of singles. Lays them on the counter.

WADE

You're on. If you're lucky,
I'll let you peek through my
bedroom window while I nail her.
Give your wrists a work out.

TOMMY

Screw you.

BACK TO SHAPE'S P.O.V.

watching Wade move toward Kelley. The young woman's back is turned. She bends over to fill another shelf. Her clothes are just tight enough to be sexy without looking cheap.

WADE

stands beside Kelley. She doesn't notice him. He clears his throat.

KELLEY

(doesn't look up)
The answer's no.

Wade blinks. Kelley turns and looks squarely into his eyes. She offers a warm smile.

KELLEY

(continuing)
Get lost.

Wade turns and walks sheepishly back to the service counter. Brady and Tommy can't hide their amusement.

TOMMY

You really nailed her.

BRADY

The timing was primo, man.

WADE

Shut up.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

an aisle away from Kelley. Watching her stock shelves. She hesitates for a moment and looks up.

KELLEY

sees nothing down the long aisle.

SERVICE COUNTER

Brady sees Rachel enter with Britti in tow. Rachel offers a coy smile as Brady comes around the counter to meet her.

BRADY

I thought I was picking you up?

RACHEL

Britti needs a Halloween costume.

BRADY

End of aisle A. Those are the best in the store.

BRITTI

Come look with me, Rachel.

RACHEL

In a second.
(to Brady)
We have to talk.

BRADY

Sure. About what...?

Britti walks off toward the maze of aisles. Tommy and Wade adjourn to the magazine racks. Eyes still on Kelley.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

tracking Britti down the aisles. Racks and shelves between them. The Shape watches through display cases and at aisle intersections. Crossing closer at every opportunity.

BETWEEN AISLES

Britti walks down the Halloween aisle. It is deserted. Shelves upon shelves of rubber masks, vampire teeth, cardboard skeletons, fake blood, ect... line both sides.

SERVICE COUNTER

Rachel looks at her hands. Brady starts to see what's coming.

BRADY

It's about tonight...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RACHEL
My parent's babysitter cancelled.

BRADY
So...

RACHEL
So, I have to watch Britti tonight.

BRADY
When did you find out..?

RACHEL
This morning --

BRADY
(upset)
And you're just telling me now.
It's five o'clock. It's too late
to make new plans. Why didn't you
call earlier..?

RACHEL
I thought maybe you'd come over
later --

BRADY
And babysit..? Sounds like fun, Rach.
I can't wait. Why take you to Steve's
party when we can sit around watching
Britti sleep.

RACHEL
I'm sorry, alright?
Blame my parents, don't blame me.

BRITTI

stands at a rack of costumes. She looks them over carefully.
Dismisses several. Finally settles on something that brings
a wide smile.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

A clown costume with mask hangs on the last rack. It looks
disturbingly familiar to us.

ON BRITTI

as she removes the costume from the rack. Admires it for
several seconds, then looks around for the closest mirror.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITTI

(calls)

Rachel, I found the perfect
costume. Come see.

Britti steps in front of a full length mirror. She holds
up the clown costume. Imagines what it will look like on.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

Her reflection becomes that of a six year old boy. Little
Michael Myers stands in the mirror grinning. Bloody butcher
knife in hand. He wears the clown costume Britti holds.

BACK ON BRITTI

as she startles away from the mirror. Turns, and runs right
into the legs of the Shape. Britti looks up in time to see
him pull the pasty white Halloween mask over his features.

Britti SCREAMS and backs into the mirror. It shatters around
her. Splintered shards rain and crash on the hard tile floor.

SERVICE COUNTER

Everyone reacts to Britti's scream. All run up the aisles.
Rachel leads. Knocks over a display rack of children's books.

AISLE A

Britti sits in the center of broken mirror glass. She
clutches the clown costume and stares at nothing. Rachel
grabs Britti and holds her close.

RACHEL

Britti, what happened..?

BRITTI

(weak, sobbing)

It was the nightmare man.

RACHEL

What..?

BRITTI

He's come to get me, Rachel.

RACHEL

Shhh..., you're okay. You
probably saw a mask and it
scared you.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRADY

There's nobody in the store
but us.

RACHEL

At least you're not cut.
Come on, let's go home.

BRITTI

You said ice cream.

RACHEL

Ice cream...I didn't forget.

WADE

Busted mirror. Seven years
bad luck.

TOMMY

Shut up, butthead.

They all move back down the aisle. Broken shards scattered
behind them. We see the Shape's face reflected in the count-
less pieces of broken mirror.

SERVICE COUNTER

Kelley rings up the clown costume. Rachel pays for it.
Brady stands with his friends at the counter's far end.

RACHEL

(to Brady)

Call me later, okay..?

BRADY

Right...

Rachel and Britti exit.

WADE

(mocks)

Call me later --

BRADY

Wade --

(sniffs)

You stink.

TOMMY

I guess Rachel found a real
man.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRADY

That lets you out.

TOMMY

What's a matter, ole son...
ring through your nose starting
to hurt.

WADE

I bet Kelley wouldn't blow you off.

TOMMY

She can blow me off anywhere, anytime.

Kelley walks past the counter.

KELLEY

I'm not a pencil-sharpener,
pencil-dick.

WADE

(laughs)

She knows you pretty well, Tommy.

Brady gives Kelley a long gaze. She continues her stock work and offers a friendly smile to Brady. Brady casually returns it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rachel and Britti walk in late afternoon. The sun prepares to set. Shadows are long on the sidewalks. They each carry cones of ice cream.

BRITTI

I'll get lots of candy..?

RACHEL

Lots... But let mom go through
it first. Sometimes people play
mean tricks on kids.

BRITTI

Your mom's real nice, Rachel.

RACHEL

She's your mom too. And pretty
soon, who knows, maybe my parents'll
make it legal.

Britti licks her cone and looks up. She stops cold.
Staring ahead at something.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

The Shape stands in partial shadow beside a corner house.
Motionless for a long second.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel turns and looks at Britti.

RACHEL
What's the matter..?

BRITTI
It's him.

RACHEL
Who..?

Rachel turns and sees nothing. Only the distant shadow
beside the corner house.

BRITTI
The nightmare man. He was next
to that house.

RACHEL
I'll go look, okay..?

Rachel walks away toward the shadows.

BRITTI
Rachel...
Don't...

Rachel reaches the shadow and walks around the edge of
the corner house. Out of view. Long seconds pass.
Britti waits. No Rachel.

BRITTI
(continuing)
Rachel..?
Rachel..!

Britti drops her ice cream and runs to the edge of the
small house. Rachel is nowhere in sight. Britti moves
on along the edge of the house to its next corner.

BRITTI
(continuing)
Rachel...are you alright..?

Britti looks around the next edge. Still no one.
She turns and bumps into Rachel. Britti shrieks.

RACHEL
No nightmare man. Just your
imagination, kiddo.

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREETS - DUSK

Sundown. Twilight rises with the new moon. The tranquil silence of Autumn on quiet residential streets. Everything in its place.

CHILDREN in their evening costumes move from house to house with their parents or older siblings. A small group of kids wrap toilet paper around a driveway parked BMW. They soap the windows.

The front door of the house flies open. An OLDER MAN comes down the porch in a hurry. The kids scatter.

OLDER MAN

Get outta here, Brats. You know
how much that car costs..? I'll
speak to your parents. I promise.

A raw egg flies by the man's face and splatters across his living room window.

INT. CARUTHERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel clears away the dinner dishes. Britti stacks rinsed plates in the dishwasher. Darlene and Richard enter the kitchen. They are dressed in stunning evening clothes.

DARLENE

All right, we're leaving.
How do we look..?

EXT. CARUTHERS' HOUSE - P.O.V. THROUGH KITCHEN WINDOW

Watching the scene inside.

RACHEL

You guys always look great.

DARLENE

We'll be at the Fallbrooks.
The number is next to the phone.

RACHEL

I know.., next to that is the
Police, hospital, fire, and probably
the National Guard.

INT. CARUTHERS' HOUSE

Rachel walks her parents to the front door. Britti leaves the kitchen to go upstairs.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RICHARD

Have a good time tonight you two.
Make sure Britt's in bed by nine-
thirty.

RACHEL

You're going to be late. You don't
want to blow your promotion.

DARLENE

Don't make fun, tonight is the difference
between vacations in Bermuda, and another
two weeks visiting your grandmother in
Cleveland.

RACHEL

So hurry up.

Richard and Darlene leave. Rachel shuts the front door
and moves to the living room telephone.

UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Britti brushes her teeth. In the mirror we see the partially
open bathroom door and the upstairs hallway beyond. Few
lights on. Sunday pads into Britt's room. Low growl.

LIVING ROOM

Rachel sits on the couch crosslegged. Phone to her ear.

RACHEL

Is Brady there..?
Has he come home from work yet..?
Okay, well, when he does, tell
him to drop by about eight. I'll
be home by then...
This is Rachel...okay bye.

Rachel hangs up.

RACHEL

(continuing, calls)
Come on, Britt, lets go.
You're going to miss all the
good candy.

BRITTI'S BEDROOM

Britti gets into her clown costume and tries on the mask.
Behind her, the window is open. Wind blows the curtains.
The closet door creaks ajar. Britt turns.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RACHEL (V.O.)
(from downstairs)
Come on, kiddo.

Britti stares at the closet for a long beat. Finally, she turns and exits. The door creaks open another tick.

CLOSET

Britti's shoebox of memories is open. The contents are everywhere in the dimness. Sunday lies dead in shadow.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

holding up the photographs of Laurie Strode, Britti with her father, and the old picture of young Michael with Judith. All we hear is the steady breathing.

DOWNSTAIRS

Rachel shuts off lights, checks stove burners, searches for her jacket and doorkeys. Britti shuffles back and forth impatiently.

BRITTI
I thought you were ready..?

RACHEL
I'm ready.., I'm ready.
Okay, lets go.

They cross to the front door and pull it open. A tall pasty faced GHOUL stands on the threshold. Rachel shrieks. The ghoul laughs. Behind it are costumed children.

GHOUL
Trick or treat.., trick or
treat.., give us something
good to eat.

The Shape stands in shadow at the top of the stairs. Rachel hands out candy from a bowl next to the door. A moment later, the Shape is gone.

BRITTI
He scared you, Rachel.

RACHEL
No he didn't --

BRITTI
Yes he did...

They leave. The front door is shut and locked behind them.

INT. HADDONFIELD SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Not a large place. Several DEPUTIES man desks and phones. There are bulletin boards, gun rack, xerox machine, water cooler, nothing state-of-the-art or out of the ordinary.

Loomis enters through the station's double glass doors. He approaches a DEPUTY at the front desk.

DEPUTY #1
You got to watch those doors
coming through like that. Had
one shatter week 'fore last --

LOOMIS
(impatient)
I need to see Sheriff Brackett.

The deputy laughs and leans back.

DEPUTY #1
Then you need to travel 'bout three
thousand miles south a here.

LOOMIS
What..?

DEPUTY #1
Brackett retired back in '81.
Up and moves to St. Petersburg.
We get a postcard every Christmas --

LOOMIS
Well who is the new Sheriff..?

BEN MEEKER steps up to the front desk. Meeker stands six foot four inches in his stocking feet and a solid two hundred pounds. Not a man to be trifled with.

MEEKER
I am. Ben Meeker.

LOOMIS
Sheriff Meeker, my name's --

MEEKER
Loomis. Folks around here aren't
likely to forget your face. At
least not cops.

DEPUTY
Loomis..? Jesus H., I thought you
looked familiar.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MEEKER

What brings you back here
after ten years..?

LOOMIS

The same thing that brought me
then...

(beat)

Michael Myers escaped Ridgemont.
He's here in Haddonfield.

MEEKER

That's impossible. He's suppose
to be an invalid.

LOOMIS

(dead serious)

He's here Sheriff.

MEEKER

Why?

LOOMIS

To kill Laurie Strode.

MEEKER

Laurie Strode was killed along with
her husband in a car crash.

LOOMIS

(startled)

When..?

MEEKER

Almost a year ago. Left their only
daughter an orphan.

Loomis leans closer. Intense.

LOOMIS

A daughter..?

MEEKER

Brittan. She's with a foster family
over on the westside of town. Can't
think of the name --
Caruthers. Darlene and Richard.

LOOMIS

How old is the child..?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

MEEKER

Six I think. I'm not sure.
Is it important..?

LOOMIS

I don't know...
But I do believe that child is
in danger --

MEEKER

Hold on one minute, Loomis.
I need more than your world that
Myers is loose.

Loomis fishes a card from his wallet. Hands it to Meeker.

LOOMIS

Call Ridgmont. Ask for Dr. Hoffman.
He's the administrator there.

Meeker hands the card to the deputy.

LOOMIS

(continuing)
We're wasting time. At least call
the girl's family. Warn then.

DEPUTY

(dialing, and redialing)
I can't get long distance, Sheriff.
Operator says the lines are down.

MEEKER

Call information. Get the number
for Richard Caruthers. Call the
house.

The deputy complies.

DEPUTY

It just rings.

Meeker's lips draw thin. He looks back at Loomis.
Eyes hard. Pensive.

MEEKER

All right, assuming what you say is
true --

LOOMIS

It is true, Sheriff --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3

MEEKER

Fine, it's true, what the Hell can we do to avoid a repeat of ten years ago. This town won't survive another bloodbath.

LOOMIS

First, we have to find the little girl. Get her someplace safe. Second, call local TV and radio stations. Tell them to order an immediate curfew. Get everyone off the streets and behind locked doors. And finally, round up every man and gun you've got. We have to hunt down Michael Myers. Hunt him down and destroy him once and for all.

The deputy is impressed. Meeker nods.

DEPUTY

Sounds like a plan.

MEEKER

Damn right.

Meeker moves to the shotgun rack and pulls down a twelve gauge Ithaca pump. Loads shells and pockets others. Turns and heads for the door. Looks back at Loomis.

MEEKER

(continuing)

Coming..?

LOOMIS

Not until I see your man make that call. This time I want something to get done right.

MEEKER

(to deputy)

Call channel three new desk.
Ask for Bill Jeffries

The deputy dials. Waits. Loomis waits.

DEPUTY

(into receiver)

Yeah, Bill Jeffries, this is Deputy
Pierce down at the Sheriff's office...

(beat)

Bill, Deputy Pierce, we got an emergency
situation here. We need a curfew announce-
ment on the air right away...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 4

MEEKER
(to deputy)
See that all the other stations
get the same message.
(to Loomis)
Around here we get things done.
Lets go.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Rachel and Britti come away from a closing front door.
They stroll quickly down the walkway to the sidewalk.
Britti half runs to the next house.

RACHEL
Britti, wait for me.

BRITTI
This is great, Rachel.

Britti's face is aglow with joy. She rushes to the next house and rings the doorbell. The door opens. A kind faced ELDERLY WOMAN smiles down at Britti.

BRITTI
(continuing)
Trick or treat.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Oh what a cheery little clown.
Let me see what I've got for you.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

Watching from a line of hedges a house away. The elderly woman drops candy into Britti's bag.

ELDERLY WOMAN
There you are sweetheart.

BRITTI
Thank you.

ELDERLY WOMAN
You're welcome, honey.

Britti runs back to Rachel waiting at the sidewalk.

BACK TO SCENE

Britti looks at her bag of candy. Runs her fingers through it.

RACHEL
Had enough...?

BACK TO SHAPE'S P.O.V.

as Britti and Rachel walk past the hedge enroute to the next house.

BRITTI

No way. Halloween is great.
Can we stay out all night..?

RACHEL

Forget it, kiddo. We're home
by eight o'clock.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Rachel and Britti cross the street and come upon another small group of trick or treaters. Among them, Kyle from Britti's grade school.

KYLE

(to Britti)

Wow, that clown costume's really cool.

BRITTI

Thanks.

KYLE

I'm sorry about today. I didn't mean it.

BRITTI

(surprised)

Really..?

KYLE

Yeah, I was sort of a jerk.
Hey, you want to go with us..?

BRITTI

Sure.

All the kids head for the next house. Rachel exhales and trudges along behind and up the walk to the next house. Kyle rings the doorbell.

The front door swings open. Kelley stands on the threshold in nothing but an oversized T-shirt that says on the front: 'Cops do it by the book'.

KELLEY

(surprised)

Rachel --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KYLE

Trick or treat.

Rachel looks beyond Kelley and sees Brady lounging on the sofa with his shirt unbuttoned and a beer in hand. Their eyes meet. Brady comes to his feet in a hurry.

BRADY

Rachel..!

Kelley gives candy to the kids and they head off for the next house. Britti trails them. Rachel turns away to follow. Her face flushed with hurt.

BRADY

(continuing)

Rachel wait a minute --

Give me a chance to explain --

Brady comes out of the house and catches Rachel at the sidewalk. Holds her by the forearm.

RACHEL

You don't owe me anything, Brady.

No explanations necessary.

Rachel pulls free. Brady grabs her again.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

From across the street. Watching Rachel and Brady. The P.O.V. shifts to the children moving further down the lane.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel tries to pull away.

BRADY

You blow off our date at the last minute --

RACHEL

So you hop on the next best thing. I thought you were different from the other guys.

BRADY

I am different. I was just pissed off that's all.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RACHEL

Oh really..? Well I'll just let
little miss hot panties get back
to nursing your bruised ego.

Rachel breaks free and walks away. Brady stand watching
her go.

BRADY

(shouts)

Rachel..!

KELLEY

Brady...

Are you coming..?

Brady looks back at Kelley. She stands silhouetted in the
doorway. The outline of her figure visible beneath the thin
T-shirt. Too erotic to ignore.

EXT. DARK LANE - NIGHT

Few scattered street lights. Rachel half trots down the
center of the street.

RACHEL

Britti..?

(louder)

Britti..!

Rachel stands alone. The wind blows leaves past her.
No sign of life or movement anywhere.

RACHEL

(continuing, sotto voce)

Great.., just great, Rach.
First you lose your boyfriend...
then you lose your sister...

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

on Rachel as she walks slowly down the lane. Track
with her. The sound of a branch snapping underfoot.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel stops and looks toward the sound.

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

In the shadows between two houses, a white face appears
to float. Motionless. A moment later, gone as if never
there.

RACHEL

stands staring for a moment longer.

RACHEL
(calls)
Whose there..?

No answer.

BACK TO HER P.O.V.

on darkness. Wind rustles hedges.

BACK ON RACHEL

as she moves on down the block. Casual at first, then slowly picking up her pace. Almost trotting when she looks up and stops cold.

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

At the end of the block, the Shape stands in shadow. A tall unmoving figure. Face just white enough to stand out as eerie.

RACHEL

doesn't move for a long second. Half a block between her and the shadow figure. Long beat. No one moves. Without preamble, Rachel runs across a lawn and vanishes between two houses.

EXT. BACKYARD

Rachel rushes a cyclone fence and climbs over it in a heartbeat. Without slowing, she crosses another backyard and disappears from sight.

EXT. SMALL SIDE STREET

Rachel comes onto a street with trick-or-treaters still working house to house. It takes a second for Rachel to catch her breath.

RACHEL
(shouts, urgent)
Britti..!

INT. MEEKER'S SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Loomis sits on the passenger side. Meeker drives. He has the radio microphone to his lips.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MEEKER

Pierce give me that address again.

DEPUTY (V.O.)

(from radio)

Eighteen-eighty-eight Southwood.
Logan's gonna meet you there.

MEEKER

Ten-four. Out.
(to Loomis)
Should be right up here.

LOOMIS

We already know they're not home.
We're wasting time --

MEEKER

The phone just rang, Loomis.
That doesn't mean nobody's home.

Loomis' face shows comprehension and dread. The squad car pulls into the Caruthers' driveway. The house is dark.

EXT. CARUTHERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Loomis and Meeker climb out of the squad car. Meeker with his shotgun. Loomis with his 9mm auto.

MEEKER

I didn't know head-shrinkers
carried cannons...

Another squad car pulls up. LOGAN gets out with service revolver in hand.

LOGAN

What's up, Ben..?

MEEKER

Go 'round back. Check for signs
of break in.

Logan moves out. Meeker and Loomis approach the front door cautiously.

INT. CARUTHERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door SLAMS in hard. Meeker comes in slow and professional. No mistakes. No risks. He lets his twelve gauge lead the way.

BRITTI'S BEDROOM

Loomis opens the door and steps inside. He turns on the overhead light and sees the scatter of photographs at the closet door.

Meeker enters as Loomis bends and picks up the photograph of Michael and Judith.

MEEKER
Something..?

LOOMIS
He's been here.

MEEKER
How do you know?

LOOMIS
I can feel it.

MEEKER
You're starting to spook me
a little, Doc.

LOOMIS
Good. At least I'm not alone.

MEEKER
Oh..? How long have you been
scared..?

LOOMIS
Twenty-five years.

LIVING ROOM

Loomis and Meeker start to exit. Logan brings up the rear. Meeker turns.

MEEKER
Logan, I want you here just in
case the family comes home.

LOGAN
Right here, Ben.

MEEKER
Look sharp, understand?

Logan checks the chambered rounds in his .38 long barrel.

LOGAN
No problem, Sheriff.

Meeker and Loomis close the door behind them.

INT. FALLBROOK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An upscale dinner party for Haddonfield's yuppie elite. MEN and WOMEN in their best and most expensive mix and mingle in the splendor of contemporary interior design.

Richard and Darlene stand and chat with JUSTIN FALLBROOK. A man in his late forties with the look and smell of new money.

DARLENE

It's amazing what you've done
with the old Myers place.

JUSTIN

The realtor all but gave it away.
Our contractor is adding two new
additions, then I'll resell for five
times what I paid.

RICHARD

Good deal.

JUSTIN

Good business. I'll teach you the
secret someday.

RICHARD

I can't wait.

GUEST

(shouts)

Everybody, there's somekind of
announcement...

DARLENE

Turn up the television.

The Fallbrook's forty-five inch big screen television shows a news ANCHORWOMAN with the words 'SPECIAL BULLETIN' underneath.

ANCHORWOMAN

(from set)

Local law enforcement has asked
for an eight o'clock curfew...
All adults and children as asked
to return to their homes...

DARLENE

(worried)

What do you think is going on..?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RICHARD

We better go. The kids might still be out...

JUSTIN

You can't leave now, it's still early... and Richard, I thought we might talk about a place for you on the fifth floor, if you catch my meaning...

RICHARD

Some other time, Justin.

(to Darlene)

Let's find our coats.

Other guests are doing the same. A digital clock on the fireplace shows the time at 7:51pm.

INT. POOL HALL/BAR - NIGHT

A smokey lounge where beer bellied TOWNIES sip Coors over a good game of eight ball. All the pool tables are in use. CARLA, the waitress, is a voluptuous forty year old wearing what a twenty year would consider risque.

CARLA

(calls to Bar)

Four more cold ones for table six.

EARL FORD runs the Bar. He's close to forty-five with the face of a bulldog and the body of a professional wrestler.

CARLA

(continuing)

Those boys can't find the balls in their underwear let along the ones on the table.

EARL

You're too hard on'em Carla. They pump gas for a living.

CARLA

All right, Earl. But if another cue-ball hits me in the ass I'm kicking tail and taking names. You hear me?

Earl waves her off and turns back to the nineteen inch color set mounted over the Bar. One of the REGULARS drinking over the counter motions at the screen.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

REGULAR #1

What's all that shit, Earl?

Earl turns up the set.

ANCHORWOMAN

(from set)

The eight o'clock curfew will
continue until further notice.
All citizens of Haddonfield are
asked to return to their homes --

The television is drown by the poolroom noise. Earl turns
and takes in a deep breath.

EARL

Everybody shut up for a goddamn
minute!

Everyone stops what they're doing and turns.

REGULAR #2

Eight o'clock curfew..?
What the Hell is that for..?

REGULAR #3

Ain't like ole Ben Meeker to do
somethin' like this...

EARL

It sure ain't. Russkies could
land on Ben's doorstep, all he'd
do is spit once and get him a shotgun.

Earl moves to the Bar's wall mounted telephone. Picks
up the receiver and dials.

CARLA

Who you calling..?

EARL

Police station. I ain't closing down
without a good goddamn reason.

Everyone waits. All eyes on Earl. Long beat.
Earl hangs up and takes off his Bar smock.

REGULAR #4

Well..?

EARL

It just rang.

EXT. COOL HALL - NIGHT

The townies pile out of the building's only door. All follow Earl Ford as their leader.

REGULAR #1
Where we goin', Earl?

EARL
Goin' to see, Ben. Phone never
just rings at a Police station.
No way, no how.

Everyone piles into their respective vehicles. All are either pickups, or four-wheel drive Blazers, Jeeps, or Broncos. All covered with enough road dirt to pave a small street. Earl's Chevy pickup leads the way.

EXT. HADDONFIELD WATER AND POWER SUBSTATION - NIGHT

A small grey blockhouse surrounded by the hum of massive transformer towers. Electrical cables web out from the substation in all directions.

INT. SUBSTATION - NIGHT

A small nine inch portable set is mounted on a control monitoring board. A Utility WORKER has his feet up watching a repeat of the curfew announcement.

WORKER
(exhales)
Shit..., better call Maggie.

The worker pulls his feet down and stands stretching lazily. The room is filled with main power circuitry panels. All switches thrown to ON positions perpendicular to their boards.

The worker turns toward the wall mounted phone and comes face to face with the Shape. The worker starts to shriek. The Shape grabs the man by his neck, lifts, holds, then IMPALES the worker on the main circuit panel.

The worker SCREAMS as the panel short circuits around him. A lightning storm of electricity gone wild. The room strobes. The man writhes in agony. Switches jut through his torso. He dies. The storm of electricity continues.

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREETS - NIGHT

The town's electrical power dies section by section. Street lights and home lights all go dark. Night slowly descends on Haddonfield, Illinois.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL LANE - NIGHT

PARENTS rush their CHILDREN into cars. Others pull their kids from the sidewalk and behind closed doors. A sense of undefined panic in their faces.

Britti wanders darkened streets as the last children are scurried into cars and driven off. Britti is left alone.

BRITTI
(scared)
Rachel..?

Only wind and silence. Britti walks in darkness. She crosses a deserted street.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

tracking Britti from the street's opposite side. Finally stepping out into the middle of the lane behind the little girl.

BACK TO SCENE

Britti reaches another corner and stops. The sound of other footsteps continues for another long second. Then stops as well. Britti turns toward the sound.

BRITTI
Rachel...? Is that you..?

No answer.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

The vacant street. Dark and haunting with all lights off. No sound or movement.

BRITTI

starts walking again. She takes a dozen steps and stops. The second footsteps continue. Closer now. They stop.

BRITTI
Whoever you are...I've got a big
dog with me...he bites.

No reply. Long beat. The second set of footsteps begin again. Approaching. Britti stands stark still for a long moment. Frozen with rabbit fright.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

No sign of movement in the deep night. Only the rustle of wind and the sound of footsteps getting ever closer.

BACK ON BRITTI

as she turns and runs. Rushing down the sidewalk as fast as her six year old legs can carry her. Daring looks back every few seconds. Barely watching where she's going.

BACK TO HER P.O.V.

looking back at the darkness behind her. She pants and gasps loudly. Fearful. The world bucks and yaws in frenzy.

CLOSE ON BRITTI

as she turns forward and runs right into someone. She utters a startled scream. Hands grab her shoulders. Rachel bends close.

RACHEL

Britti where have you been..?
Don't ever run off on your own
at night. Not ever!

They both are washed by automobile headlights. A car swerves to the curb and stops. Meeker and Loomis climb out and rush to them.

MEEKER

Rachel Caruthers..., Brittan Lloyd.
Thank God...

RACHEL

What's going on..?

LOOMIS

Get in the car.

Loomis turns. Stops in his tracks.

LOOMIS' P.O.V.

Michael Myers stands on the sidewalk across the street. Motionless.

BACK ON LANE

Loomis stands frozen for a beat. Meeker follows Loomis' line of sight.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MEEKER
Is that him..?

Loomis stares at Michael.

MEEKER
(continuing)
Doc, is it him..?!

Loomis draws his pistol.

LOOMIS
Yes...

Meeker goes for his shotgun. Stops when he notices a second Michael Myers. This one stands next to a tree on their side of the street. A third steps from shadow beside a house.

MEEKER
What..?

A fourth Michael appears from behind an oak tree. Finally a fifth, then a sixth materializes from shadow. Meeker, Loomis, and the girls are surrounded by a small army of Michaels.

LOOMIS
(terrified)
Dear God...
No...
NO...

Loomis brings up the pistol and aims. Meeker knocks it aside as Loomis pulls the trigger. The sharp REPORT causes the closest Michael to shriek and rip off his mask. It's a tall HICK KID with freckles and red hair. Maybe sixteen.

HICK KID
(scared)
Don't shoot..!

The other five take off their masks and run for cover. All are Michael imposters.

MEEKER
(shouts, orders)
Get home goddman it. There's a curfew. I catch your asses and it's a weekend in jail!

Loomis leans heavily against the squad car. Exhales. Trembling.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

MEEKER
(to Loomis)
You okay..?

LOOMIS
I could've killed a child...
What does that make me..?

MEEKER
Let's get back to the station.
Get these kids safe...

Everyone climbs into the squad car.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

watching the squad car as it pulls away from the curb.
The sound of steady breathing.

INT. SQUAD CAR

As it advances down the narrow lane, we see the Shape through the car's rear window standing in the center of the street. Swallowed by night a heartbeat later.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Headlights sweep over the face of the darkened building. The light reflects across shattered glass doors. Broken fixtures swing in the constant draft.

INT./EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

The squad car idles. Meeker and Loomis approach and enter with guns and flashlight scanning. The interior is a ruined nightmare. Breeze blows papers everywhere.

MEEKER
They wouldn't have given up
without a fight...

LOOMIS
They didn't know what they were
up against.

Glass crunches underfoot. The flashlight plays across blood pooling under a deputy's desk. The light finds a dismembered hand clutching a .38 revolver. No sign of the body.

MEEKER
Christ...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

A body suddenly swings down from overhead. Inverted.
It's deputy Pierce. Throat slashed. Legs wrapped around
an electrical cord.

MEEKER
(continuing, stunned)
How can one man do this..?
How, Loomis..? Tell me how!!

LOOMIS
He's not a man, Sheriff.

MEEKER
Then what is he..?
What the hell are we dealing with?!

LOOMIS
Evil...

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION

Earl Ford and the other townies pull up to the station.
Men jump out of their vehicles and move up to the scene
of devastation.

Loomis stands at the entrance as Meeker returns from
further inspection. Rachel and Britt remain in the
squad car.

MEEKER
(to Loomis)
The rest are in the back.
All dead...

EARL
Ben..? What the samhill is goin'
on..?

A second man, UNGER, peers in through the shattered entrance
doors.

UNGER
Holy shit. What the Hell did
this..? Terrorists..?

MEEKER
Go on home, Earl...this is police
business.

EARL
Looks to me like you're outta
business. I want some answers.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MEEKER

I don't have the time or the
patience to argue with you...
Just go home to your families.
That's where you belong --

UNGER

You forget whose paying your
salary, Sheriff..?

LOOMIS

I was Michael Myers.

All the townies look hard at Loomis. Meeker gives the
doctor an angry glance.

LOOMIS

(continuing)

He's come home to kill.

EARL

(shocked)

Oh Jesus...Myers..?

MEEKER

Leave it alone, Earl. Let the
police handle it --

EARL

Like the last time..? How many
dead back then..? How many kids..?
Not this time, Ben. I'll handle
this my own way.

Earl turns back to his pickup. The other townies follow.
All the vehicles rev and whirl away on a cloud of dust.
Meeker spins on Loomis in anger.

MEEKER

You stupid son of a bitch. You've
just created a lynch mob.

LOOMIS

Without a police force, those men
may be Haddonfield's only defense.

MEEKER

Then God help us...

LOOMIS

We still need a place for the child.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

MEEKER

My house. It's secure, and I've
got a shortwave in the basement.
We can call the State Police.

They climb into the squad car and leave the Sheriff Station
nightmare behind. Consumed by night.

INT. POOL HALL/BAR - NIGHT

Emergency lights and a pair of rigged floods illuminate
the interior. Two dozen men are crowded around the Bar.
Earl Ford presides.

EARL

We're gonna find this son of a
bitch, and we're gonna fry his
ass, right?

Eager calls and shouts of agreement from the masses.
Several brandish shotguns and pistols. Unger lays out
a map on the Bar counter.

EARL

(continuing)

Jake and Big Al, I want you to go
south past Hillcrest. Murph and
Waikes go north. Me and Unger'll
split up east and west. Okay..?

FAT MAN

Don't take no chances with this
bastard. You see his ass, blow
it off no question.

(beat)

Cocksucker killed my boy ten years
back. Don't let him take somebody
elses boy.

UNGER

We'll save him for you, Big Al.

FAT MAN

Just save me his nuts in a pickle
jar, Unger.

Everyone loads shells and rounds into shotguns and hunting
rifles. Old army issue .45s are loaded and cocked. .357
Magnums take hollow points. The townies move out.

EARL

Let's hunt.

EXT. CARUTHERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Logan rushes from the house to his squad car. He climbs in the driver side and starts the engine.

INT. LOGAN'S SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Logan snatches up the car's police radio.

LOGAN
(into radio)
Ben, I'm on my way.
(beat)
Were they really -- ?

MEEKER (V.O.)
(from radio)
I know how you feel...
Just get over to my house
right away.

LOGAN
Be there in five minutes.

In the backseat's darkness we see the Shape seated behind Logan. Spectral.

LOGAN'S P.O.V.

Glances in the rearview mirror. We see no one visible in the backseat. No traffic from behind.

BACK TO SCENE

Logan shifts gears and pulls away from the curb.

EXT. STREET

Logan accelerates down the block as the Caruthers come up the block and turn into their own driveway. Darlene and Richard pile out of the car and move quickly to the house.

INT. MEEKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Candles glow atop the television set and fireplace mantle. We hear kissing and breathing. The kiss breaks. Kelley leans up from the floor. Brady beneath her.

KELLEY
Lets go upstairs...

BRADY
I don't want to wait.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Kelley pulls the T-shirt over her head. She wears a white lace bra and panties underneath. Slowly, Kelley unsnaps the bra and lets it slide to the carpet. Brady gets an eye full.

KELLEY
What do you think..?

BRADY
I think I'm in heaven.

Brady pulls Kelley down ontop of him. They kiss and writhe as he strips out of his shirt. Kelley works to unbuckle his pants. She pushes them down around his knees.

KELLEY
(moans)
Oh, Brady...

Headlights and a car engine come up the driveway fast. Brady sits up in terror.

BRADY
Oh shit --

Kelley sits up. Starts dressing immediately.

KELLEY
It's my dad... If he catches us like this he'll skin you alive for starters.

BRADY
For starters...?
Christ...
Oh man...

Brady hustles into his clothes as fast as he can. Nothing seems to fit right. Fabric tears.

EXT. MEEKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Sheriff brings out his keys. Rachel and Britti follow close. Loomis brings up the rear.

LOOMIS
Where's that deputy..?

MEEKER
He'll be here in a minute.

Logan's car approaches. Highbeams on. Meeker gets the key in the door and opens it. Everyone enters.

INT. MEEKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Meeker enters. Kelley and Brady look hurriedly dressed and guilty as sin. Rachel and Brady eye each other. Brady is the first to look away.

MEEKER

Rachel, take your sister upstairs.
Last door at the end of the hall.

Rachel leads Britti upstairs.

KELLEY

Dad..., what's going on..?

MEEKER

I want you to shut the iron gates
over all the downstairs windows.

KELLEY

Why..?

MEEKER

(orders)

Just do it!

Kelley jumps and complies.

LOOMIS

Where's the radio?

MEEKER

Through the kitchen to the basement door. Take my flashlight.

Loomis takes the flashlight and heads for the kitchen.
Meeker grabs Brady and leads him down a side hallway.

MEEKER

(continuing)

You know how to handle a gun?

BRADY

Yes, sir.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Logan parks the squad car behind the Sheriff's. Climbs out and enters the Meeker's house through the open front door.

INT. MEEKER'S HOUSE

Kelley shuts decorative wrought iron security gates over the windows and locks them with heavy duty padlocks.

CONTINUED

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Logan hustles back to his squad. The rear door on the driver's side is open. Logan looks in quickly, shrugs, shuts the door. The car is empty.

Logan opens the trunk and pulls out a riotgun and two boxes of shells. He rushes back to the open front door and shuts it behind him.

INT. MEEKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Meeker helps his daughter shut the window gates all over the first floor. Logan steps up with his riotgun. Meeker turns.

MEEKER

Get the windows in the den.

LOGAN

What are we doing..?

MEEKER

Making sure nobody can get in here.

LOGAN

Isn't all this a little paranoid?

MEEKER

If you'd seen the station house, you wouldn't even ask...

Logan turns and moves down the first floor's long side hallway. He passes a partially open doorway without a glance. Blackness within. We see the Shape in shadow.

BASEMENT

Loomis scans the basement with his flashlight. A dark haunted place made up of workbenches, old bicycles, dead household appliances, ect... The radio is at the far end.

MASTER BEDROOM

Rachel and Britti sit on the bed in darkness. The door creaks open. Brady leans inside.

BRADY

(tentative)

Are you two okay..?

RACHEL

We've been better.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Meeker unlocks a closet door near a back storage room. Opens the doors and displays racks of shotguns. Meeker takes out a double barrel and hands it to Brady.

MEEKER

Think you can handle that...?

BRADY

Easy enough. You want to tell me what's happening...?

MEEKER

When I have the time.

Logan walks up.

MEEKER

(continuing, to Logan)
Where's your riotgun?

LOGAN

In the trunk of my squad.

MEEKER

Get it.

Logan turns on his heels and walks quickly back down the hallway. Meeker takes out a tool box and hands it to Brady.

MEEKER

(continuing)
There's shells for that shotgun in there. You also got a hammer a four boxes of roofing nails. I want you to go up in the attic and secure it so nobody can get in.

BRADY

If something's happened I should call my parents --

MEEKER

You just get up in that attic.

Meeker pulls down an SPAS-12 guage autoloader for himself. He loads shells with long practiced ease. Brady turns to walk back down the hall.

MEEKER

(continuing)
Oh yeah..., I catch you groping my daughter, and I'll use that shotgun on you. Understand?

Brady understands.

CONTINUED

BRADY
What's going on..?

RACHEL
Michael Myers...

BRADY
Who..?

RACHEL
Ten years ago, Halloween.
He's Britti's uncle...

BRITTI
The kids at school were right.

Britti starts to sob. Rachel rocks the little girl and comforts her. Brady retreats from the bedroom and quietly shuts the door.

HALLWAY UPSTAIRS

Brady pulls the ladder down from the ceiling exposing the attic entrance. He fishes a flashlight from the tool box and climbs the wood stairs into dust and darkness.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - SHAPE'S P.O.V.

Meeker, Logan, and Kelley all stand together near the front door.

KELLEY
That's all the windows, Dad.

MEEKER
Good. Logan, I want you here
on the front door. Here's the
deadbolt key.

DOWNSTAIRS FOYER

Meeker places the key in the deadbolt, and turns it.
The bolt flies home with a dull CLACK.

MEEKER
We're secure. I padlocked the back
door. This is the only way in or out
of the house. I'm also turning on the
burglar alarm just in case. I want
no surprises.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Earl Ford's pickup rounds the corner slowly. The back bed is loaded down with armed men. All scan driveways and shadows with high power flashlights.

INT. EARL'S PICKUP

A CB squawks constantly. Earl adjusts the squelch and listens to crosstalk from other patrols.

PATROL #1 (V.O.)
(from CB)
We seen him over on Westmont.
Runnin' him down now..!
OOOOOWEEEE!!

PATROL #2 (V.O.)
(from CB)
Bullshit, Larry..., we got this
psycho nailed off of Piedmont.
Just run behind Jake's Hardware --

PATROL #3 (V.O.)
(from CB)
You assholes are chasin' shadows.
He just came outta the Methodist
Church on Dorchester Avenue. I'm
closin' in for a kill --

Earl snatches up his radio microphone.

EARL
(into Mike)
You bastards cut the shit. There's
one guy out here someplace. So put
down the beers and keep your eyes
peeled. You got that?!

The radio remains silent. Earl takes this as affirmation and slams the mike home. Someone bangs on the cab's roof.

ORRIN
(calls from truck bed)
There he is!!

Earl snatches his Remington twelve guage pump from the seat beside him. Hits the brakes.

EXT. SIDE STREET

Everyone piles off the truck. Earl comes out of the driver side and pumps the shotgun to ready. ORRIN points at a stand of bushes beside a modest colonial house.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ORRIN

I seen his face. Right there,
Earl. Right in those bushes --

Everyone brings up shotguns and rifles. All nervous.
Fingers tense on triggers. Long beat. The bushes rustle.
A flash of something and movement toward the group.

EARL

(shouts)

FIRE!!

The men open up with everything they've got. A deafening
firestorm of buckshot and rifle rounds. The bushes dis-
integrate under the constant blasting. Several long seconds
pass before everyone is empty.

Smoke eddys above the ruined hedges. Leaves blasted to
dust. Branches and twigs turned to toothpicks and sawdust.
The armed men advance. Their flashlights find blood.
And the body of a dog shot to pieces.

ORRIN

Shit, Earl..., that's Ted Hollister's
cocker spaniel... He loves that dog.

EARL

You said you saw, Myers -- !

ORRIN

You told us to fire, not me --

Earl drops his shotgun and swings on Orrin, decking the
other man. Orrin gets to his feet and roadblocks Earl
into the grass. Both men wrestle while the others try
to pull them apart.

INT. MEEKER'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Brady hammers a window shut in the darkness. The double
barrel shotgun leans against the wall beside him. A final
swing of the hammer lands on Brady's thumb. He yelps.

BRADY

(pained)

Jesus...

Something falls on the attic's farside. Brady startles
and reaches for his flashlight. Knocks it on the floor.
Retrieves it and scans the room.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRADY
(continuing)
Who is it..?

The attic is vacant. He's alone. The flashlight's beam scans clutter and stored memorabilia. Settles on a moose head just rocking still. Brady exhales and returns to his work. His back to the room's darkness.

MASTER BEDROOM

Rachel stares out of the room's window. The streets are deserted. Brittli sits on the bed gazing at the palms of her hands. Rachel turns and kneels beside her foster-sister.

RACHEL
I want you to lie down and try to
go to sleep.

BRITTI
I can't sleep. The nightmare man
will come. He'll get me.

Rachel lays Brittli back on the bed and pulls the folded comforter up and over her arms.

RACHEL
Nobody's gonna get you while I'm
around.

BRITTI
Promise..?

RACHEL
Promise. Now close your eyes.

BRITTI
Can we go home soon, Rachel..?

RACHEL
Real soon, kiddo.
Now, shhh.

BASEMENT

Meeker sits in front of the shortwave. Loomis at his shoulder holding a flashlight on the instruments.

LOOMIS
How is it powered?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MEEKER

Batteries. I was planning a generator for the house next week. Wish I hadn't waited.

Meeker adjusts the radio instruments and pulls the microphone close to his lips.

MEEKER

(continuing, into
mike)

This is Squawk seven niner zero
Haddonfield broadcasting on State
Police emergency frequency one one
four megahertz. Does anyone hear me?

The radio hisses.

DOWNSTAIRS FOYER

Logan has pulled an easy chair up to the front door. He sits with his riotgun across his lap. Eyes alert.

KITCHEN

Kelley makes coffee by candlelight. The kettle comes to a boil over gas flame burner. The rest of the kitchen is dark. Eerie. Wind rustles branches against window glass.

MASTER BEDROOM

Rachel kisses Britti's forehead. The little girl dozes quietly. Rachel stands and silently exits the room leaving the door ajar. Britti is alone.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/STAIRCASE

Rachel walks the dark hall's length. Without flashlight or candle, Rachel can only feel her way along. She comes to the banister and descends slowly.

DOWNSTAIRS FOYER

Rachel comes upon Logan. The deputy adjusts in the chair and nods.

LOGAN

Everything okay..?

RACHEL

Britti's sleeping. When can we go home..?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LOGAN

State Police'll come. Not long
after that. Don't worry.

RACHEL

I'm trying.

Behind them we see a hint of the Shape in shadow. The
mask's pasty white blankness fades back in darkness after
a beat.

BASEMENT

Meeker tunes the radio's receiver as a voice fades in.
Loomis leans close to the speaker.

LOOMIS

I hear someone --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(from radio)

This is Frank Butte over in
Tuckerville. You got somekind
of emergency...? Over.

MEEKER

Thank Christ...

(into radio)

Yes, this Ben Meeker, the sheriff
over in Haddonfield. Our power
and phone lines are down and we've
got a killer loose in our streets.
Michael Myers.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

This somekind of Halloween prank -- ?

MEEKER

(tense)

This isn't a joke. We need the
State Police and we need them now!

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I'll give'em a call right away.
Hang on a sec, I'm gonna need name
and address.

MEEKER

We're not going anywhere, Mr. Butte.

Loomis exhales. Relieved. He turns and climbs to stairs
to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Rachel enters as Kelley pours coffee into mugs. Loomis steps up from the open basement door.

LOOMIS
(to Rachel)
Is your sister all right..?

RACHEL
She's fine.

LOOMIS
Good.

MASTER BEDROOM

Britti tosses and turns under the comforter. Her sleep is restless. The little girl moans quietly. In the doorway, the Shape stands motionless watching Britti.

DOWNSTAIRS FOYER

Loomis approaches the deputy.

LOOMIS
The sheriff has radioed for help.
They'll be here soon.

LOGAN
Helluva night.

LOOMIS
It's not over yet, deputy.

Loomis turns the deadbolt key and grabs the knob to open the door. Logan stops him.

LOGAN
Where are you going?

LOOMIS
I still have to find It.
The State Police won't know
what to look for. Or how to
stop It.

LOGAN
Do you know..?

Loomis says nothing. He pulls the door open and disappears into night. Logan relocks the door behind him.

KITCHEN

Kelley searches the cupboards for sugar. Rachel steps close and pulls something from the back of the counter top. A sugar bowl.

RACHEL
Looking for this..?

KELLEY
I didn't know you and Brady had anything, okay..?

RACHEL
You knew. You just didn't care.

KELLEY
He's not married or anything.
I've got a right to do what's best for me.

RACHEL
Future homewreckers of America, unite.
Your future president has spoken.

KELLEY
Wise up to what men want, Rachel. Or Brady won't be the last man you lose to another woman.

Rachel picks up a mug of coffee and throws it on Kelley's T-shirt. Kelley jumps back. Startled.

RACHEL
Have some coffee.

Rachel pushes past Kelley and descends the basement stairs. Kelley strips out of the T-shirt and walks to the laundry room. There she fishes for one of her father's flannel shirts and slips it on. Buttons up.

KELLEY
(sotto voce)
Bitch...

MASTER BEDROOM

Britti turns over and startles awake from a bad dream. She pants and catches her breath.

BRITTI
(calls)
Rachel..?

BASEMENT

Rachel steps over to Meeker.

RACHEL

Sheriff..., when can Britt and I go home. My parents are crazed by now.

MEEKER

I'm just waiting for word that State Police are enroute. They'll be here in half an hour.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Kelley carries a tray with a mug of coffee. She passes partially opened doors and closed closets. Shadows and darkness everywhere.

DOWNSTAIRS FOYER

Kelley enters the foyer and sets the tray down on a lowboy. Logan sits in his chair. Shotgun across his lap.

KELLEY

Thought you might like some coffee. Pretty boring out here.

Logan says nothing.

KELLEY

(continuing)

I wish they'd fix the power. We could at least have some MTV while we wait for the calvary.

Logan says nothing.

KELLEY

(continuing)

Your coffee's gonna get cold.

Logan says nothing. Kelley finds an unlit candle and a book of matches. She strikes a match. It illuminates the wide-eyed dead face of deputy Logan propped beside the lowboy.

Kelley's mouth cranks open to scream as she steps back in shock. The Shape comes out of Logan's easy chair and drives the riotgun up and through Kelley's torso impaling her on the foyer closet door. The riotgun's barrel having been driven completely through her and door behind. Kelley dies without a sound.

BASEMENT

The radio chatters. Rachel watches for several seconds.

STATE POLICE (V.O.)

(from radio)

Should have cars dispatched in
five minutes. Their ETA should
be thirty minutes from that time.
Over.

MEEKER

(to Rachel)

Go upstairs and tell Logan to watch
for Illinois State Police cars.

Rachel turns and walks back to the basement stairs.
She ascends.

KITCHEN

Rachel enters the kitchen. All is darkness and shadows.
She crosses through the kitchen.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Rachel passes doorways.

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

A candle illuminates the front foyer. Everything warm
and normal.

DOWNSTAIRS FOYER

Rachel steps into the circle of light and stops. Her
eyes grow wide with horror as the scream rises within her.

BACK TO HER P.O.V.

Kelley impaled on the door and deputy Logan sprawled on
the floor beneath her. For the first time we notice that
Logan's head is on backwards.

BACK ON RACHEL

As she SCREAMS.

KITCHEN

The basement door SLAMS SHUT.

BASEMENT

Meeker whirls around in his seat with flashlight in
hand.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MEEKER
(shouts)
Rachel -- !

The Shape descends the basement stairs. Butcher knife in hand. He reaches the bottom as Meeker comes to his feet with the autoloader.

MEEKER
(continuing)
Hold it right there!

The Shape advances.

MEEKER
(continuing)
I said STOP RIGHT THERE!

Meeker aims.

DOWNSTAIRS FOYER

Rachel backpeddles onto the staircase. Her breath comes in short shallow gasps.

RACHEL
(yells)
BRITTI -- !!

BASEMENT

The Shape keeps coming. Meeker trains and FIRES. The blast hits the Shape squarely in the chest and sends him back off his feet and down hard.

Meeker doesn't move for several seconds. Finally he comes forward. The Shape doesn't stir. Meeker keeps the muzzle trained on the downed figure's skull.

STAIRCASE

Rachel scrambles up the stairs toward the second floor. She falls and tries to find her footing, all the time looking back over her shoulder at the nightmare below.

BASEMENT

Meeker nudges the body with his foot. The Shape remains down. No movement from either. Meeker finally seems satisfied. Eases slightly.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The Shape grabs the autoloader's barrel and directs it aside as Meeker pulls the trigger. A section of basement floor is cratered by the blast.

MEEKER
(screams)
Sonofabitch!!!

The Shape brings the butcher knife around fast and buried it handle deep in Meeker's left thigh. Meeker WAILS. turns and falls against a pile of stacked two by fours.

The Shape comes to his feet as Meeker swings around with a two by and cracks it across the dark figure's torso. The Shape rocks on his heels. Meeker dives for his autoloader.

The Shape snatches the shotgun up and swing it hard across Meeker's face snapping his jaw and four teeth. Blood flies from the Sheriff's mouth. Meeker sprawls across the stairs.

With his remaining strength, Meeker climbs on hands and knees for the basement door at the stair's top. The Shape rises behind him and drive the autoloader's stock down hard onto Meeker's spine.

Meeker's body crashes through the basement stairs and slams into the water heater breaking it from its mounting. A mini-gasline burn ignites the pile of two by fours.

The Shape ascends what remains of the basement stairs as Ben Meeker's dying body catches flame.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/MASTER BEDROOM

Rachel rushes down the hallway and throws open the master bedroom door.

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

The bed is empty. Britti's gone.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel steps back in panic.

RACHEL
(terrified)
Oh God -- Oh God --

Rachel turns and rushes back down the hall to the stairs. She descends running.

KITCHEN

Rachel comes to the basement door and stops when she sees
The smoke and rising flames.

RACHEL
(calls)
Sheriff -- ?!

A burning hand SLAMS up onto the kitchen floor from the
basement inferno. Ben Meeker's face looms up for a beat.
Flesh burned away to near bone. Mouth cranked open in
silent scream.

Rachel SCREAMS and slams the basement door. The burning
hand protrudes. fingers clawing for purchase. Rachel
backs away in horror as the basement door begins to smoke.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Rachel runs down the hallway in utter panic. She comes
around the front foyer and runs right into a dark figure.
Rachel screams and Brady grabs her shoulders to steady her.

BRADY
(shocked)
What's going on..?

RACHEL
(gasping)
The house is burning...
Got to find Britti --

BRADY
What we've got to do is get out
of here --

RACHEL
NOT WITHOUT BRITTI!!

BRADY
Look at these two. Do you think
Britti stands a chance --

RACHEL
She's not dead --

Brady reaches for the deadbolt. No key. Something clinks
on the floor. He looks down and finds the end of the key.
The rest has been broken off in the lock.

BRADY
(panicked)
Is there another key..?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RACHEL
I don't know --

BRADY
Stand back.

Brady brings up the double barrel shotgun and FIRES into the deadbolt. Surface wood blasts away revealing a solid steel underlay.

BRADY
(continuing)
It's metal...goddamn metal.

RACHEL
What's that mean..?

BRADY
It means we're trapped in this house...

Rachel turns and rushes up the stairs. Brady turns and follows her.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Rachel reaches the top and looks toward the master bedroom door. Brady steps up beside her.

BRADY
Rachel..., I want you to know I'm sorry..., about Kelley...

RACHEL
Me too...
Help me find Britti --

The master bedroom door creaks open. Shadow beyond. Rachel takes a tentative step forward.

RACHEL
(continuing)
Britti..? :

Darkness beyond the bedroom door. Behind Rachel, Britti emerges from the family bathroom at the end of the hall. Toilet flushing.

The Shape steps forward from the master bedroom. Britti SCREAMS.

BRADY
(shouts)
Rachel, GET BACK!!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Rachel stumbles away as the Shape advances. Brady raises the shotgun and pulls the triggers on dead CLICKS. He forgot to reload.

BRADY

Shit -- !

The Shape comes down the hallway. Rachel scrambles to Britti and grabs the little girl into her arms. Brady fumbles with shells and breaking down the shotgun.

BRITTI

(points)

Up Rachel..., go up..!

Rachel looks at the attic stairs and immediately climbs as fast as she can. Brady gets the shells in the shotgun too late.

ATTIC

Rachel and Britti run to the attic's farside as Brady screams below. The screams stop abruptly, punctuated by the wet snap of bone.

Rachel rushes back to the ladder and yanks it up hard. The Shape's hand grabs the end and holds it fast. Rachel strains but can't pull the ladder up fully.

RACHEL

(shouts)

Leave us alone..!

Please leave us alone...!!

Rachel lets go of the ladder and runs back to Britti. After a beat, Rachel picks up Brady's tool box and uses it to smash the attic window.

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

Outside is a narrow lip on which to stand. Beyond is a two and a half story drop into night.

BACK TO SCENE

The Shape looms up the attic stairs. His dark figure rises slowly. Methodically. Ever the knife in his right hand.

Rachel pulls Britti onto her back and starts out the attic window.

RACHEL

Hang on tight, Britti.

EXT. MEEKER'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Rachel comes out of the attic window with speed and care. Her feet on the narrow wooden lip. The steep upward slope of the roof just inches away.

Rachel leans away from the window and presses her body against the cold slate roofing tiles. Gets purchase and climbs toward the chimney and aerial.

The Shape emerges from the attic window and steps over onto the roof. Begins climbing behind Rachel with mechanical precision.

Rachel chances a look back and nearly loses her handhold. She continues climbing toward the roof's peak. Brittli looks back.

BRITTLI'S P.O.V.

as the Shape reaches for Rachel's left ankle.

BACK TO SCENE

Brittli turns back to Rachel.

BRITTLI
(panicked)
Your left foot -- !
Move your left foot -- !

Rachel moves her left foot just as the Shape clamps and misses. The girl's reach the roof's peak. Nowhere left to run. The Shape keeps coming.

BRITTLI
(continuing)
Now what..?

RACHEL
I don't know --

Rachel looks around. There is nothing to use as a weapon and no help to be found. They are trapped and the Shape is only a few feet shy of them.

BRITTLI
(scared)
Rachel..?
Rachel..?
What are we going to do..?

Rachel holds Brittli close and watches the Shape grow near. No way to stop him. No escape.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RACHEL
(calming)
Try to go to sleep, sweetheart...

Britti lays her head on Rachel's shoulder and shuts her eyes. Rachel looks out at the darkness and sees something.

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

A tree branch hangs close to the roof's farside. A stretch away but close enough for a slim chance of escape.

RACHEL

walks the roof's narrow peak just as the Shape reaches the peak and comes to his feet. Rachel reaches the branch and turns Britti toward it.

RACHEL
Britti, I want you to grab the
branch. Climb down the tree.

Britti reaches and strains. Her fingers brush the leaves just shy of solid wood. Behind them, the Shape grows near.

BRITTI
I can't --

RACHEL
Try!

Britti grabs the branch and pulls away from Rachel. The little girl scrambles to the tree trunk and looks back.

BRITTI
(screams)
Jump Rachel!

Rachel jumps for the branch and grabs hold. The Shape gets a vice grip on Rachel's right ankle and yanks hard. The branch snaps. Rachel screams and falls.

BRITTI
(continuing)
RACHEL -- !

Rachel slides down the roof and gets a hand on the gutter. It holds her weight for a long beat before breaking loose. Rachel tumbles out of sight.

The Shape stands on the edge of the roof facing Britti. Britti stares back at the night figure in fear and hatred.

BRITTI

climbs down the tree as fast as she can. Branches break under her as she fights her way down and finally tumbles onto the grass side lawn. She runs around the front of the house.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Rachel lies unconscious half in the hedges. Britti rushes to her foster-sister's body.

BRITTI
(scared)
Come alive, Rachel...

Britti kneels and rocks Rachel. Tries to pull the teenager to her feet. Can't.

BRITTI
(continuing)
Oh please come alive.
Don't be dead...
You can't be dead...
Please, Rachel...
Please come alive...

Rachel's eyes remain closed. Britti sobs. A shadow rises behind her. The Shape comes forward. Britti looks up and scrambles to her feet running all out across the lawn.

The Shape walks in silent pursuit. Rachel's body left behind. Britti reaches the street and falters considering a direction.

EXT. STREET

Britti runs in the street's all consuming darkness. She runs as fast and as furiously as she can without a look back. The shadowed Shape in the distance behind her.

BRITTI
(shouts)
Help -- ! Somebody help me -- !

A door opens at a house nearby. Britti slows as a face leans out, then shuts the door and double locks it.

BRITTI
(continuing)
Please help me --

The house remains locked. Britti chances a look back. The Shape walks down the center of the street straight for her. Britti turns and continues to run.

EXT. SMALL AVENUE - NIGHT

Britti rounds the corner. Breathless. Exhausted. She leans against a birch tree and tries to catch her breath. She looks behind her.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

The streets are clear with no sign of the Shape in any direction. Only wind and night.

BACK TO SCENE

Britti looks more concerned than ever. She stares back the way she came and sees nothing. All silent. Ominous. After a long beat, Britti turn right into a pair of hands.

Britti SCREAMS and Dr. Loomis kneels in front of her. His face full of worry.

LOOMIS
What are you doing out alone?

BRITTI
Everybody's dead...

Loomis takes the little girl's hand.

LOOMIS
Come on. We've got to get you
someplace safe.

BRITTI
Is my uncle really the Boogeyman..?

LOOMIS
I'm sorry, Britti...but your uncle
is something far worse...

Loomis leads the little girl down the avenue as fast as she can walk. Loomis takes out his 9mm pistol and holds it firm.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

Night winds blow the swings back and forth on their chains. The sound of shackles in the darkness. Loomis leads Britti across the playground and toward the dark grade school building.

They come to the main doors which are chained from the inside. Loomis breaks the door glass with his gun muzzle and then shoots off the chains. He pulls the doors open.

LOOMIS
Come on.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

A haunting place of long hallways, lockers, glass display cases and endless classroom doors. Frightening shadows and engulfing darkness at every turn.

LOOMIS
We'll here sirens soon.

BRITTI
Then we'll be safe..?

LOOMIS
Yes...

BRITTI
You don't believe that, do you?

Loomis looks hard at Britti.

LOOMIS
You're very intuitive.

They pass the main offices. The hallway's shadowed corner a few feet away. The Shape steps out of the blackness without warning and hurls Loomis through the main office glass doors.

Britti shrieks and runs down the hall for escape. The sound of shattering safety glass is near deafening. Raping the silent hallways. Loomis settles in bloody unconsciousness.

Britti runs down hallways and around corners. The building is a maze of corridors and stairways. Britti finds an open classroom door and ducks inside.

CLASSROOM

Britti scurries past desks to the room's furthest corner. She reaches the windows and tries to force them open. They are locked at the top.

HALLWAY

The Shape turns a corner and walks down the hall's length. He closes the distance toward the open classroom door.

CLASSROOM

Britti hides under the teacher's desk and watches the door from beneath in shadow.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

No movement outside the open door. No sound, only the constant darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

Nothing but silence save for Britti's fear tainted breathing. Her eyes stare out of shadow. Waiting...Waiting...

BACK TO HER P.O.V.

as the Shape enters the classroom and begins crossing directly toward the teacher's front desk. The Shape allows his moving legs to shove desks out of his path.

BRITTI

waits and watches as the Shape advances toward her without relent. He knows where she is. Britti trembles and shivers with terror.

The Shape reaches the desk and begins pounding its surface. Slamming fist and knife into the top wood. Splintering it and bashing it to dust. Like the sound of a sledge hammer.

The desk begins to crack right above Britti's head. It starts to split open down the middle raining woodshavings. Britti comes out from under the desk SCREAMING.

The Shape tries to grab the little girl and misses by half a millimeter. Her hair dances through his fingers as he lunges. Britti runs for the door.

HALLWAY

Britti races into the hall and slams into a shadowed hall monitor's desk. The little girl overturns the desk and turns her ankle moaning and clutching.

The Shape reaches the classroom door. Britti sees him and tries to stand. Can't get her weight on the injury. She half crawls, half hops along the wall in a futile attempt at escape. The Shape closes the distance with ease.

Britti reaches the hallway's corner as the Shape grabs her arm and turns her to face him.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

The pasty white Halloween mask and the steady breathing. No eyes visible behind the openings. No soul.

BACK TO SCENE

Britti SCREAMS. Rachel steps around the corner with a fire extinguisher and sprays CO2 in the Shape's face. He lets Britti go and staggers backward in confusion.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITTI
(to Rachel)
I knew you weren't dead.

Rachel picks Britti up and runs down the corridor toward the nearest exit.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

Rachel runs from the main doors as headlights sweep around and catch them. Earl Ford's pickup comes up on the sidewalk and stops short of Rachel and Britti.

Earl comes out of the driver side. The others jump down from the rear bed. All with rifles and shotguns ready to protect.

EARL
What's going on -- ?

RACHEL
He's inside --
(near tears)
He killed Brady, and the sheriff,
he killed everybody...

ORRIN
Jesus. Where is he now?

RACHEL
In the school.

EARL
Lets get this bastard --

BRITTI
No...

Everyone looks at the little girl.

BRITTI
(continuing)
He'll kill you too. '

Britti's matter-of-factness cuts to the core like a razor. Everyone present suddenly believes her.

RACHEL
We have to get out of Haddonfield.
The State Police are on their way.
Let them handle it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ORRIN

I don't know about you, Earl.
But that makes sense to me.
Lets get the hell out.

ANOTHER MAN

You saw the police station...
Let the troopers have him.
That's what they get paid for.

Earl stares at the grade school's dark expanse. No sign of movement anywhere within.

EARL

Screw it. Lets get outta here.
You two kids ride up front with me.

Everyone piles into and back on the large pickup. The engine REVS as Earl swings around and accelerates off the sidewalk. Burns rubber down the lane.

INT. EARL'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Earl snatches up the CB microphone.

EARL

(into mike)

All patrols, all patrols,
I got Rachel Caruthers and
her sister in the truck...
I'm takin'em outta town route
four-ten. State Police are on
the way.

PATROL #1 (V.O.)

(from radio)

Packin' it in. Good beer joint
out four-ten way. Maybe they got
power.

PATROL #2 (V.O.)

(from radio)

Maybe they got good looking waitresses.

CARLA (V.O.)

(from radio)

I heard that, Unger. Your ass is
on my list from now on...

Rachel holds Britti and watches the night pass the right side window. She finally allows herself to relax. Britti hugs Rachel tight. Rachel returns the hug and shuts her eyes.

EXT. HADDONFIELD CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

Earl's pickup roars past the road sign welcoming visitors to Haddonfield.

INT. EARL'S PICKUP

Ahead, a convoy of headlights rush toward them from the darkness. Sirens grow in volume as State Police cars approach and race past on their way into Haddonfield.

EARL

There's the calvary.

Earl honks the pickup's horn to get their attention.

EXT. EARL'S PICKUP

The men in the back bed wave their arms and shout. Orrin fires two shots in the air.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY

Earl's pickup comes to a halt as does one of the trailing State Police vehicles.

INT./EXT. EARL'S PICKUP

Earl rolls down the driver's side window opposite the State TROOPER in the patrol car slightly lower.

TROOPER

You coming out of Haddonfield..?

EARL

Yeah.., Myers is in the Elementary School. He killed the sheriff and God knows who else. We're taking these kids to safety.

TROOPER

There's a highway patrol substation four miles down the highway. You'll see turn off signs. We got officers on duty. They take care of you.

EARL

Thanks.

Earl rolls up the window. The trooper's car screeches away to catch up with his convoy. Earl puts it in gear and accelerates down the highway.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The pickup slices through low curtains of ground fog. Visibility drops.

INT. EARL'S PICKUP

Earl switches to lowbeams. The speedometer hovers at eighty. Suddenly, a shape in the road. Earl veers.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The pickup weaves around a frightened doe. The animal bolts across the roadway into blackness.

EXT. EARL'S PICKUP

The men sit huddled in the rear bed. Eyes weary. No one sees the set of fingers close over the tailgate. Or the hint of white Halloween mask as it rises.

INT. EARL'S PICKUP - REARVIEW MIRROR

The mirror reflects the slow rise of the Shape. Pulling himself from the pickup's undercarriage. Orrin turns as do the others. Too late. The Shape flings them off the pickup one and two at a time.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Orrin's shattered body rolls and settles. Dead. Eyes open on darkness. The pickup's taillights fade in b.g.

INT. PICKUP

Earl casually glances in the rearview mirror.

EARL'S P.O.V.

The truck bed is empty.

BACK TO SCENE

Earl gazes harder, then turns to see for himself. A hand SMASHES through the driver side window. Rachel and Britti are shocked awake. Earl SCREAMS.

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

The Shape's fingers are buried two knuckles deep in Earl's eye sockets. Blood runs down the dying man's face. Body twitching uncontrollably.

RACHEL

screams. The truck swerves violently. Rachel grabs the steering wheel and shoves Earl's corpse from the pickup. The Shape's hand searches for a new victim. Rachel.

Rachel veers back and forth across the highway. Tries desperately to shake loose their attacker. A fist swings down hard and smashes the windshield to a webwork of cracks.

The Shape's inverted masked face lowers into view. Hideously distorted by the cracks. Rachel HITS the brake pedal with both feet.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The pickup's wheels lock up. Screeching. The Shape is thrown from the truck's roof and slams onto the road pavement. Rolling thirty yards before splaying out face down.

INT. PICKUP

Rachel holds the steering wheel with both hands. A white knuckle grip. Brittli cowers on the floor in front of the passenger seat.

BRITTI

(wary)

Is it over, Rachel..?
Is my uncle dead..?

RACHEL

I hope so...

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

Through the windshield cracks we see the Shape rise to his feet. Butcher knife in hand. He starts walking back toward the pickup.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel shakes her head. Face twisting with new anger. She throws the pickup into gear and guns the engine.

RACHEL

(shouts, angry)

No more..!
No more..!

BACK TO P.O.V.

as the truck speeds directly for the Shape. Highbeams reflecting off the pasty white Halloween mask. The Shape makes no attempt to avoid collision.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The pickup SLAMS into the Shape full force. A horribly loud and sickening sound. The Shape sails backward like a batted rag doll. Bounces and rolls. The truck stops.

INT. PICKUP

Rachel watches.

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

The Shape rises.

INT. PICKUP

Rachel rams her foot down hard on the accelerator.
The engine ROARS.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The pickup's rear wheels scream on a cloud of blue smoke. The rear end fishtails as the truck becomes a projectile.

WHAM -- !! The Shape is struck and sent flying back over the road shoulder onto a narrow dirt road.

INT. PICKUP - RACHEL'S P.O.V.

The pickup races off the highway and onto the dirt road. Highbeams find the Shape coming to his feet. Rachel doesn't slow. The Shape is SLAMMED HARD off the truck grill.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

The Shape is slow to come to his feet. Unsteady as he turns into the wash of highbeams. WHAM -- !! The body tumbles and crashes to soil face down. Unmoving.

INT. PICKUP

Rachel pants like an animal. Eyes wide and unblinking. Her will verses his. Neither will relent. One must.

RACHEL'S P.O.V.

The Shape moves, rocking to his knees slowly and up once more. Facing the truck. He begins advancing one hard step at a time.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel shifts into gear and plants her foot on the gas. Buries the pedal in the floor. Face full of cold determination.

RACHEL
Die you son of a bitch!

EXT. DIRT ROAD

The pickup RAMS its target head on. The grill dents and penetrates the radiator. The hood breaks loose from its mountings.

The Shape WHEELS BACKWARD through the air and crashes hard. Bone crushing impact. This time he doesn't rise. Spread eagled on his back. Fingers uncurling from the knife handle.

INT. PICKUP

Rachel's head rests on the steering wheel. She weeps. Britti stares at the Shape through the windshield.

BRITTI'S P.O.V.

The Shape lies under a cloud of settling dust. The pickup's headlights on him. No sign of life or movement.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Townie vehicles and State Police cars rush down the dirt road and slew to a stop behind the pickup. Loomis climbs out of the lead patrol car. Face bloody with cuts.

Rachel climbs out of the pickup and walks to meet the arriving convoy. Britti climbs down and walks to the Shape. Kneels beside him.

The Shape lies just shy of an abandoned well shaft long since boarded over. Britti takes her uncle's bloody right hand in her own.

BRITTI

(hushed)

I forgive you, uncle Michael.

The Shape remains still. The others notice Britti. Rachel's face fills with panic.

RACHEL

(shouts)

Britti, get away from him -- !

LOOMIS

(shouts)

Get back..!
Don't touch him..!

Britti stands and turns. The Shape rises behind her. Rachel SCREAMS. Britti turns as the Shape comes to his feet.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TROOPER
(yells to Britti)
DROP!!

Britti drops onto her belly. The State Police, the townies, and Dr. Loomis, all OPEN FIRE. Britti covers her head. Rachel covers her ears. the world comes alive with a storm of bullets and double-ought.

The Shape is BLOWN BACKWARD over the boarded well shaft. The planks give way and the Shape plummets into the abyss.

Unger and another man come forward with dynamite sticks. Each lights one and hurls the sticks into the shaft. A beat. The shaft EXPLODES and collapses in on itself.

Everything falls silent. Rachel grabs Britti and holds onto her. Headlight highbeams cut through whirling clouds of dust. No one moves. No one utters a word. Tableau.

INT. CARUTHERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Darlene and Richard each take turns holding and hugging Rachel and Britti. Tears flow and sounds of joyous relief. Loomis stands in the front foyer with State Police TROOPERS.

TROOPER
Is it over..?

LOOMIS
Michael Myers is in Hell where he belongs. I trust we can forget about him now.

TROOPER
Those kids aren't likely to forget.

LOOMIS
They're strong. They survived the ordeal. They'll survive its memory.

Rachel goes upstairs. Britti wanders off toward the kitchen. Darlene and Richard join Loomis and the police.

UPSTAIRS

Rachel runs water in the bathtub. Stares at herself in the mirror. Sees exhaustion and subsiding fear.

ANGLE P.O.V. - THROUGH MASK

climbing the stairs to the second floor.

UPSTAIRS

Rachel crosses to her bedroom and strips out of her blouse and bra. She searches the closet for her robe.

ANGLE P.O.V.

coming down the hall to Rachel's door. Rachel's back is turned. A pair of small hands clutch scissors from the vanity. Rachel turns and offers a warm smile.

DOWNSTAIRS

everyone turns at the sound of Rachel SCREAMING. They all rush to the stairs. Rachel's scream dies. Loomis takes two steps up and looks. He stops cold.

LOOMIS' P.O.V.

Britti stands at the top of the stairs with the blood stained scissors clutched in her right hand. Her eyes blank. Soulless. Like the eyes of Michael Myers age six.

TIGHT ON LOOMIS

as he stares in horror. Chilled to the bone. He snatches the pistol from his coat. Troopers grab his arms.

LOOMIS

(screams)

NNNNOOOOOOO!!!

On Loomis' godless scream we --

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS